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RUMOURS AND REALITIES

THE Tory press is full of rumours of Coalition to meet an economic crisis, which a divided Cabinet is said to be impotent to solve.

What are the real facts? Most of the current chatter about a Coalition is Tory wish-fulfilment. The Carlton Club naturally yearns for a National Government which would at least provide for some of its Members the seals of office which they believe to be theirs by natural right. But why suppose that the history of 1931 need repeat itself? Only the loss of a working majority in the House could persuade Mr. Attlee to dissolve Parliament, and even then there is no reason to think that he would seek the assistance of Mr. Churchill in defeating his own Socialist supporters. Of such hypothetical disaster there is in fact no sign whatsoever. The back-benchers, "rebels" included, await eagerly a forthright British Monnet Plan.

That the formulation of such a plan is causing prolonged controversies within the Cabinet may well be true. It is faced with unpleasant dilemmas. Its choice is never between good and evil, but between two policies, both of which may have inconvenient consequences. When such dilemmas are soberly considered, there is and should be keen disagreement. Ministers are in duty bound to plead the cause of their Departments.

It is neither expedient nor, in all likelihood possible to obtain a second American loan when the first runs out. The Cabinet knows that a Republican Congress in Washington reduces to a minimum the hopes entertained last winter of a trade agreement which would render possible the revival of genuine multilateral trade. By 1949, British economy and Britain's international relations must be so reorganised that we are not so largely dependent on American financial support and on food supplies from the New World.

Given this target, the first dilemma which faces the Cabinet is the conflict between the needs of the export trades for increased man-power and the demands of the Fighting Services. Inevitably the Minister of Defence and the Foreign Secretary find themselves ranged Departmentally against the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade. It is undeniable that, even if foreign labour is extensively employed, exports cannot be raised much further above the 1938 level without a drastic cut in the man-power employed by all three Services. On the other hand, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Bevin can powerfully argue that we cannot afford to create an international vacuum by a sudden and precipitate withdrawal from our world responsibilities. The fact, however, is that military power is a derivative of economic strength and in the last resort the demands of the Services must give way to those of the Chancellor. That is why any solution which Dr. Dalton and Sir Stafford Cripps can conscientiously accept will demand major modifications of our present foreign policy.

In the second place, we are faced with the need for a wages policy designed to provide adequate incentives without an inflationary increase of costs, and to attract into unpopular occupations a flood of new recruits. To attempt a stop-gap remedy either by wholesale importation of cheap foreign labour or by industrial conscription would be suicidal. The prime task is to set about the job of improving conditions in the starved industries and to persuade the workers to follow the example of the coalminers by increasing their efforts at once instead of waiting for the improvements to take place. Only if the Government shows real vigour in tackling these industries can it hope to persuade the Trade Union movement to accept even the necessary selective intake of foreign workers. In working out this side of our economic policy, differences inevitably arise with the Trade Union leaders who are driven on the defensive by each demand that they should sacrifice established practices and hard-won rights in what is still a capitalist economy. There is only one way to meet their opposition—by recognising that, if output is to be increased, Socialist policy must include a strong dose of industrial democracy and a new managerial model.

Lastly, the Government is confronted with the certainty, now that the illusions about a liberalisation of America's trade policy have finally been dispelled, that a Socialist experiment confined only to this country is bound to fail. By collaboration with other countries which are experimenting with planned economies, it must create, during the two years before the Loan runs out, an export-import area which radically decreases its present dependence on the New World. Here again differences are bound to arise in the Cabinet. Such a policy will mean a most difficult re-adjustment of our relations with the U.S.A.; and it is inevitable that Ministers who achieved positive benefits during the last twelve months from close diplomatic and military co-operation with America will be reluctant to sacrifice them now.

Each of these three problems is complex and none of them offers a simple straightforward solution. On all of them compromise between conflicting claims is inevitable. The real danger today is not of a Cabinet split but of a decision to avoid a decision. What we fear is that the Government may emerge from its discussions with a second White Paper which ends with a series of these empty formulae that attempt, but fail, to conceal the lack of a genuine solution.

If this were to happen, dissension in the Cabinet would only have been avoided at the risk of a split in the Labour Movement. Forms of words may suffice to tide over a difference between Ministers, to swing a party meeting, or to outmanœuvre an inept and divided Opposition in the House of Commons. But the march of events would soon expose their emptiness. The Labour Movement, whatever its disagreements in detail, is unanimous in its demands for bold leadership. If that bold leadership is only possible as the result of Cabinet disagreement, those disagreements should be faced now and argued out before it is too late. Better to have a policy which offends some than no policy at all. Better a couple of resignations which lead to decisive action than a formula for inert Governmental harmony.

Final Decision in Palestine

The last attempts to achieve an "agreed" solution of the Palestine problem were made this week. Mr. Bevin presented the Jews and the Arabs with yet another variant of last summer's plan for a federal state. We gather that, in an effort to cajole the Jews into acceptance, he told them that partition was out of the question and that, if they refused to agree, Britain might well put the matter in the hands of Uno next September without any positive recommendation. Despite this pressure, the Jewish representatives are unlikely to give way, and—since Arab refusal is almost axiomatic—it looks as though after eighteen months of delay the Cabinet will have to wind up the tedious folly of the search for agreement and to make up its own mind. It is known that the Colonial Office and the High Commissioner are strongly for an immediate announcement that Britain will recommend partition to Uno. Meanwhile they hold that an interim policy must be adopted permitting immigration into what will ultimately be the Jewish State in Palestine. The Foreign Office and Chiefs of Staff seem to be bitterly opposing this view, and to prefer a simple decision to go to Uno without a policy. This proposal, which indefinitely postpones a final decision, would finally break the authority of the moderate Zionists and almost certainly provoke a shooting war between the British Army and the Irgun for which the melodramatic evacuation of British families seems an ominous preparation. It is almost incredible that the Cabinet should even consider taking this line. The only hope of saving the situation is to make an immediate announcement of the final solution to be recommended in the Assembly, and then to call on the Jewish Agency to assist in suppressing terrorism. Meanwhile those Palestinian and Trans-Jordanian Arabs who are secretly in favour of partition should at long last be given British support. Already several of them have been murdered by the Mufti's gangs. The Mufti and his fellow extremists are not unnaturally convinced that the British Government sees the necessity of appeasing them now as it did in 1939. Law and order can only be established in Palestine by a British decision which is as clearly opposed to the Mufti as to the Irgun.

The Powers and Germany

Slowly and patchily the picture of Great Power alignments which will confront the Foreign Ministers in Moscow is taking shape. An important development has been the publication of a French memorandum proposing the creation of a Ruhr Territory subject to the control and management of Uno. The spokesman of the Quai d'Orsay has emphasised that this project is not incompatible with the persistently held French thesis that the Ruhr should be politically detached from the Reich. Nevertheless, it seems evident that M. Bidault, overruling the Right wing of his own Party and the de Gaullistes, has now brought French policy much more closely into line with that of Moscow, so far as the Ruhr is concerned. That is, he endorses the Russian view that Germany should be an economic and political unity. Whether the French control plan for the Ruhr presupposes the nationalization of heavy industries in Western Germany, as originally proposed by Mr. Bevin, or whether it could in practice be imposed upon an industrial structure many of whose units had been bought up by American Big Business, is not clear. It looks, however, as if the Americans may be isolated in Moscow if they urge that the future Reich should be a loose federation of semi-autonomous states. Against this must be set the perplexing inclination of the Russians to underline Anglo-American unity by lumping the British and the American zonal administrations together in a single condemnatory attack. This propaganda, whose prominence in the Russian press is commented on by our Moscow correspondent in a despatch which we print on a later page, may be construed as an effort to prove in advance that, if the Conference fails, it will be the fault of "the other fellows." Certainly, at the moment, Four-Power control in the sense of unity of decision can hardly be said to exist in Berlin. Marshal Sokolovsky has roundly accused the British and American representatives of sabotaging the Control Council's endeavours to produce a report on Germany for the Moscow Conference. Anglo-American insistence on producing separate reports for each zone was bitterly criticised by the Marshal as a manœuvre to veil British and American failure to carry out de-nazification and demilitarisation. Equally bitter has been General Kotikov's attack on his colleagues in the Kommandatura for impeding, as he alleges, the projected elections for a Trade Union Federation in Greater Berlin. His outburst was such as to be explicable only on the assumption that Moscow is determined to lose no opportunity which presents itself for putting the Western Powers in the wrong before the Peace Conference begins.

The Answer to Mr. Jinnah

Is the Indian Constituent Assembly (though it has adjourned till April) still alive, or has the Cabinet Mission's plan of self-determination come to a dismal end? That is the question raised by the defiant resolution of the Muslim League's Working Committee at Karachi, and it calls for the plainest of plain answers from Whitehall. This time the League was not content to re-affirm its boycott of the Assembly; it described it as an invalid and illegal body and called for its dissolution. For this attitude we can see no justification whatever. The Assembly was elected as planned and every shade of Indian thought is fully represented in it, except the Muslim League, which has chosen for its own tactical ends to boycott it. To complain that it has a Hindu majority is disingenuous, since no decision on a major communal issue can be taken save by a majority of both communities. Nor is there any longer a dispute over procedure, since Congress has accepted the British Government's ruling. That Congress did not conceal its dislike of the procedure is beside the point: at the risk of antagonising the Sikhs and its own friends in Assam it swallowed a very bitter pill. The League, on the other hand, by reverting to its full demand for Pakistan, threatening direct action and maintaining its boycott, has been consistently uncooperative. The Assembly is, of course, "valid" and should be encouraged to continue its work. The only question that may arise, if the League remains intransigent, is whether the Constitution it frames can be imposed on the recalcitrant Muslim provinces. A prompt answer is necessary, because some of the princes are now talking of cancelling their decision to start negotiations on February 8th for their entry into the Assembly. This is of course a concerted move to destroy the whole plan for the realisation of India's Independence. The next inevitable step is that the League's Members, who are manifestly bent on sabotaging the plan, should be asked to withdraw from the Viceroy's Council. Recent events have confirmed our opinion that the British Government should now announce its firm resolve to withdraw from India on a fixed date some months ahead. The responsibility for reaching or refusing a settlement would then rest squarely on the shoulders of the Indian parties.

America and China

The withdrawal of the United States' forces from China is the first fruits of George Marshall's policy as Secretary of State. His report on China, which criticised "extremists in both camps" for making the task of mediation impossible, praised significantly the "liberal elements" in the Kuomintang. The ending of the truce teams' mission is presumably the prelude to an attempt at striking a bargain with Chiang Kai-shek. In return for purging his government of Right-wing reactionaries and forming a government that can more nearly be called national, American economic help and political support will be promised. This was Marshall's way out from the dilemma in which the American Government found itself. The only thorn is that America's bi-partisan policy is not made by the Secretary of State alone; the powerful voice of Senator Vandenberg, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations committee, has to be heard. Three weeks ago at Cleveland, Vandenberg urged that America should throw its full support to Chiang without any reservations. Unless this split in American policy can be closed, the Generalissimo should not find it difficult to play off the two American camps so as to get the sort of government he wants.

U.S. Labour Truce

There are signs of a temporary truce in the field of American labour-management relations. The steel-workers—led by Phil Murray, president of C.I.O.—have extended their contract with Big Steel so as to permit more time for negotiation of their new wages agreement. At the same time, Henry Ford II has at least made a gesture from the side of management by reducing the prices of Ford cars in the hope that this might start a downward swing in prices and so an increase in real wages. The fact behind this sudden access of moderation is that the public has been intensely irritated by the multitude of strikes in the past, and neither side wishes to take the blame for another outbreak of hostilities. The wiser leaders of American labour realise that they must conserve their energies to oppose the real threat of punitive legislation which would destroy the basis of Trade Union rights. If they flout public opinion—as did John Lewis—they will have no support in their battle with a hostile Congress. The cautious leaders of the Republican party realise that if they initiate repressive legislation without immediate provocation, they may lose the labour votes which are essential to victory in the Presidential elections of 1948.

Making Bricks Without Discomfort

The report of the Committee on Amenities in the Brick Industry, headed by Sir Wilfrid Garrett, indirectly confirms the belief that brick-making is both unpleasant and unpopular. The Committee has taken some pains to avoid damning the conditions in the industry out of hand, but its emphasis on the elementary and essential improvements that are required in most brickyards leaves no doubt about the primitive conditions under which perhaps a majority of the men have to work. It is a pity that wage rates and terms of employment were excluded from the Committee's reference, for the attraction of labour to this vital and undermanned industry does not only depend on an improvement of amenities. After nine months' work the Committee has unanimously recommended the increasing mechanisation of the industry, though it rightly points out that many plants are too small and inefficient—over one thousand, for instance, employ less than fifty men. It also urges the erection of proper shelter from the weather, the issue of protective clothing, a drastic improvement in sanitary and washing facilities, and the compulsory provision of canteens for every works which employs more than fifty men. If the employers are unable to meet the resulting cost, the Committee adds, the appropriate Ministries should find some way of raising at least part of the necessary capital. There is a strong case, once the immediate brick shortage is overcome, for rationalising the brick industry into larger and more efficient units. But for the moment many works must be used which are dirty, slovenly and generally undesirable. If men are to be found to work in them, drastic improvements in amenities are certainly essential; but can wage-rates be left out of account?

PARLIAMENT: Provocative Questions

Wednesday

Mr. Quintin Hogg: On a Point of Order, Mr. Speaker, are we to understand that you now rule that we may not ask provocative debating questions?

Mr. Speaker: Certainly . . .

Earl Winterton: Hear, hear!

Mr. Speaker: If the noble Lord would not say "Hear, hear!" quite so loudly when I am speaking, he would hear that I was saying, "Certainly not."

The importance of certainty was emphasised in two discussions during the week. When Blackburn asked the Minister of Supply whether he would consider revising the President of the Board of Trade's plan for the allocation of the Minister of Fuel's coal to the Austin Motor Company, members were left in some confusion as to which Minister was responsible for distributing coal. Wilmot answered "Certainly." Did he speak for Cripps as well?

Nor in the brief Palestine Debate on measures to maintain order was it possible to establish with certainty who is making decisions—whether it is the military on the spot, the Colonial Secretary, or the Foreign Secretary. Oliver Stanley was supported on every side of the House in denouncing terrorism, and in asking for its suppression. Otherwise, the debate fell into two halves—those like Brigadier Low and Air-Commodore Harvey, who thought that stronger military measures would be enough to crush the terrorists, and those like Churchill, Crossman and Kenneth Younger, who wanted a policy for Palestine. Kenneth Younger made a graceful but penetrating five-minute speech, which deserves to be framed at No. 1 Carlton Gardens and No. 10 Downing Street.

The Electricity Bill, on the other hand, had all the pleasaunce of policy without the anxieties of administration. As an integral part of a Socialist programme, it aroused a familiar Tory bitterness, of which Sir Arnold Gridley's speech was typical. Normally, he speaks with the restraint and distinction of an Elder Industrialist. With a long training in commercial administration, he often finds himself on common ground with Labour economists. But his speech on electricity, in which he has an important business interest, was passionate. While Hinchingbrooke would have wished the Fuel Minister poisoned, Gridley seemed to prefer high voltage.

An interesting Tory argument against nationalisation was that atomic power might supersede older methods of power generation, with the result that the Government would have invested millions of public money in an out-of-date industry. Barbara Castle countered this by suggesting that, in those circumstances, the compensation terms should be reduced. From the backbenches Hinchingbrooke, Jeger (Winchester) and Palmer made good speeches. From the front Bench, Hugh Gaitskell made an accomplished summing up. He dealt effectively with his interrupters, and if he could have boomed a little more, his performance would have been an excellent Dalton pastiche.

Like Gaitskell, Christopher Mayhew, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is a junior Minister personally popular with his contemporaries. But whereas Gaitskell faces his critics from the front, Mayhew has to cope with them from the flank, and in the rear. His answer to Professor Savory's question on the Polish elections gave much joy to the Tories, but provoked some snap-shooting from Seymour Cocks, Ashley Bramall and Tom Driberg. Bramall wanted to know when the Polish people ever possessed the democratic rights of which Mayhew said they were now deprived. Driberg asked whether Mayhew was aware that his description of the Polish elections sounded like an account of any election in Georgia, U.S.A. Mayhew hit back doggedly, like a middle-weight fighting a collective heavy-weight. He was well seconded by the Tory Lennox-Boyd.

In the adjournment John Haire (Lab., High Wycombe) raised, in a well documented speech, the important question of timber shortage, but received only a vague reply from Belcher. Without timber there will be houses without floors, doors, joists and partitions, and without friendly relations with Eastern Europe we can't get the timber of Europe's timber belt. Perhaps Belcher will tell Mayhew; perhaps Mayhew will tell Bevin.

PHINEAS MINOR

PARTNERS OR VASSALS?

IT is unlikely that Admiral d'Argenlieu, now in charge of military operations against Viet Nam, is in the pay of Moscow. But Moscow, which refers little to Indo-China in its propaganda, must be well aware of his value. By trying to persuade France, Britain and Holland to unite against "Communism" in South-East Asia, he solidifies the diverse elements that compose the revolutionary nationalism of Viet Nam and its neighbours, and strengthens the Communists who aspire to its sole leadership. If the deep divisions within the national movements are bridged and their leaders taught to look to Moscow for salvation, it will be the work of Admiral d'Argenlieu and his kind.

A similar political trend is to be seen in all the South-East Asian nations that, before the war, were dependencies of the old European Empires. Each of them is proud of an ancient culture; in each of them there has long been a national movement of protest against economic and political servitude. During the war they saw the humiliation of the West. In Indonesia the Dutch made no more than a show of resistance to the Japanese. In Burma the British suffered catastrophic defeat—a defeat they were able to reverse three years later. In Indo-China the population, who saw the men of Vichy pass over the country, lock, stock and barrel, to the Japanese, are scarcely likely to be shaken by charges of collaboration. (It is remarkable that in Vichy France itself when the Germans attempted to win over the Annamese students and others resident there, we are told that they only succeeded with five out of 25,000.) The reaction of the Asiatic peoples to Western defeat and Japanese victory was to see in those spectacular events the hope of winning their own independence. Some with more or less sincerity collaborated with the Japanese and waited to show their hands until Tokio surrendered; others organised guerrilla warfare and worked with the Allies against the Japanese. Among the latter groups Communists were naturally prominent, since the democratic cause was also the cause of the USSR. After the expulsion of the Japanese, the various organisations of resistance, differing widely amongst themselves and headed by rival political and military leaders, were all united in the demand for national independence. They proved to have been very little affected by Japanese racial and pan-Asiatic propaganda, but to be fanatically determined to obtain full recognition of their right to decide freely their own economic and political future.

In Indonesia the Dutch ruling class were only with great difficulty induced to face the realities of Indonesian nationalism. Here the British Labour Government played a valuable part; without British efforts, the activities of "extremists" in Java would have been used as an excuse to prevent a peaceful settlement with Dr. Sjahrir. Even now there are reactionaries in the Dutch Senate who are ready to listen to Admiral d'Argenlieu's appeal for a new "anti-Comintern" crusade; the agreement with Sjahrir is still only initialled, and they note with satisfaction that their generals have even begun new and unexplained military operations in East Java.

In Burma the British have been very sensible. Accepting as a fact that General Aung San's Anti-Fascist League is the most representative force in Burma, Britain has agreed to pass over to him the task of settling the internal dissensions that still threaten Burma with civil war. The British cannot usefully intervene between the Anti-Fascist League, the two Communist Parties and the groups that follow U. Saw, Ba Maw and Thakin Ba Sein. Nor can they dictate the future constitution of Burma or the status within it of the frontier areas. As a result of this wise decision, it is to the interest of the Burmese Government to reach a constitutional settlement and to negotiate a political and economic agreement with Britain.

The story of Viet Nam has been far different. Before the war the French Empire had consistently denied all freedom to Indo-China, treating her resources purely as an appendage of French economy, and violently suppressing every manifestation of independence. At Potsdam, after the defeat of Germany, it was decided that when Indo-China was liberated from the Japanese, the armies of Chiang Kai-shek should occupy the area north of the 16th parallel, and the French the area south of it. Under Chinese occupation, Mr. Ho Chi Minh, originally founder of the Indo-Chinese Communist Party and now leader of the composite Viet Minh Party, was able to consolidate the Viet Nam Republic which had been declared on August 15th. South of the 16th parallel, however, General Leclerc reconquered Cochin China and Southern Annam, and, wishing to regain control of the partly industrialised area of Tonkin without Annamese opposition, signed on March 6th, 1945, an agreement with Viet Nam. France recognised its Government and promised a referendum in Cochin China. Subsequent negotiations at Dalat and, in the autumn, at Fontainebleau, proved abortive. The Viet Nam would not accept anything less than independence for Cochin China and for Viet Nam within the framework of an Indo-Chinese Union, whereas the French, as subsequent events showed, intended to reconquer both Cochin China and the Viet Nam. French policy was made clear when Admiral d'Argenlieu returned to Indo-China, and large numbers of troops were dispatched to Tonkin and Cochin China, where the promise of a referendum was conveniently forgotten. Fighting, which had already been proceeding in a sporadic way for a month, developed into open warfare on December 19th. One result of these French tactics was to consolidate the Viet Minh and to strengthen its Communist section. Ho Chi Minh, who in the autumn was prepared for a settlement on the lines of Dutch-Indonesian Agreement, has broadcast moderate peace offers, which the French have disregarded. There is evidence, however, that the effect of the aggressive tactics of the French has been to strengthen the more extreme elements that regard Ho Chi Minh as too moderate and compromising.

French public opinion is divided on the issue of Indo-China. Broadly, we may summarise by saying that the M.R.P. supports d'Argenlieu, that the Socialists would have been glad to reach a compromise settlement with Ho Chi Minh, and that the Communists have opposed d'Argenlieu, but not carried out any active campaign within the Government or in the country on behalf of Viet Nam. The Communist attitude may be due to a fear of alienating patriotic French sentiment at a time when Communism hopes to obtain power by constitutional means; this motive is probably reinforced by a suspicion that Viet Nam may fall into the hands, not of Stalin Communists but of Marxists whose rebellious nationalism is ill-disciplined. It is significant that Moscow radio has not attacked the French for their operations in Indo-China as it did the British when we landed troops in Indonesia.

This calamitous and unnecessary campaign in Indo-China coincides with the promise of a British-French Alliance. The attitude of the British may therefore be as decisive as it was in Indonesia. By aiding French imperialism, which is in need of arms and equipment in Indo-China, we could undo all the good we have done in Burma and in Indonesia. Indo-China cannot be quickly or quietly "pacified" as rebellious dependencies once were. The peoples of South-East Asia are no longer isolated and helpless; they are politically conscious nations which claim the right to their representatives overseas, and expect before long to be themselves members of the United Nations. They may even learn to help each other to realise their freedom. Recruits to help Viet Nam are already volunteering in India and Burma, and a similar development would not be

surprising in Indonesia and Siam. The danger here needs no elaboration. Even if it were morally and politically desirable (instead of morally disgusting and politically idiotic), it would be economically suicidal for Britain, France and Holland to substitute a policy of conquest for one of conciliation in South-East Asia. The British are of course acutely aware of the repercussions d'Argenlieu's policy must have in India and, indeed, throughout the East.

Mr. Bevin, we presume, will give no help to Admiral d'Argenlieu or to anyone who advocates such a policy. If, in discussing terms of alliance with France, he firmly backs the more reasonable French leaders—before he was Premier M. Blum vehemently denounced the d'Argenlieu policy—he may yet be in a position to secure a sensible peace between France and Viet Nam. We know what the people of Indo-China demand, and that it is compatible with the interests of France and Western Europe. The peasants of Viet Nam will never again consent to sell their rice at a price dictated by French business interests, nor will its leaders accept a position in which the industrial development of Indo-China is jealously forbidden and her trade directed to channels laid down by a foreign Power. Viet Nam will not again be a French vassal. But the leaders of Viet Nam, like the Indonesians and Burmese, know that they need technical aid from the West, machinery from the West, and trade with the West. They will not be exploited as a passive "source of raw materials." But if their national independence is recognised, they have everything to gain from a settlement which safeguards the legitimate economic interests of France, while it rejects French domination. A closer union of the old Empires of the West Atlantic is necessary and desirable, but it cannot be based on restoring their old imperialism. In Indonesia and Burma the Dutch and British have recognised that they can make mutually favourable terms with the new nationalism of South-East Asia; France must also face the facts in Indo-China.

RUSSIA MAKES HER CASE

(By cable from Our Moscow Correspondent)

In little more than a month the Foreign Ministers will meet in Moscow to tackle a task far more formidable than the problems of Bulgaria, Hungary or even Italy. In the Anglo-American Zone big business is getting its claws into German industry—ignoring all decisions about de-nazification and demilitarisation. Russian newspaper articles are like a blizzard of names: Ford, General Motors, Vereinigte Stahlwerke, I-G Farben, Eastmans, Kodak, Opel. Such and such plant has miraculously survived in otherwise obliterated Cologne. Ah, didn't you know? . . . Forty per cent of the capital was American. It is recalled that plenty was revealed after the last war about gentlemen's agreements between British, French and German business magnates that each other's industrial concerns should be spared. The military honoured these agreements: there was no bombing, no shelling. "Two million Nazi Party members have been amnestied in the American Zone," we read elsewhere. West Germany, we are told, is becoming a playground for American and British investments. Anglo-American big business wants to turn West Germany into a citadel of West European industry. They must deal with Germans; so they prefer to deal with German industrialists rather than with German labour leaders or trade unionists. For reasons of their own, Anglo-American businessmen are doing their best to restrict coal exports from the Ruhr, and discourage development of light industry in West Germany. The splitting up of cartels is fictitious; German democracy is neither here nor there; demilitarisation is merely nominal, and everywhere Nazis are rearing their ugly heads, sometimes posing as Separatists or Federalists. "Just like after the last war," the Russian press quotes from one American newspaper. Money is pouring into Germany, and the German industrial magnates are perking up under the wholesome influence of these dollar injections. It is the same with agriculture. "The poor old Junkers—they didn't get much of a chance in East Germany; but let them keep their estates in West Germany and continue breeding, for Germany must have a ruling class, mustn't it?"

Such, on the eve of the Foreign Ministers' Conference, is the somewhat lurid picture the Russian press is painting of conditions in West Germany. The fellows in the limelight are not (at present) the Schumacher Social-Democrats: they are merely the hangers-on of capitalism. Attention is focused on the cigar-chewing Anglo-American capitalist prospecting in West Germany—more often than not in colonel's uniform. The Russian press is laying it on thick, and there is a clear indication behind all this of some of the stumbling-blocks the Conference will encounter.

First and foremost comes de-nazification and democratisation. Time and again Stalin has dwelt on this as the key to the solution of the German problem. Then there is demilitarisation—the reduction to a safe level of German heavy industry. It is here that the uniformed businessman comes in. How will he be got rid of? It is repeated over and over again that three-quarters of German heavy industry is in the British-American Zone, so that the question is fundamental. Further, it is recalled that Molotov insisted at Paris in July on a single unified Germany, under democratic government. Such a Government, he argued, would have far more effective control over the Reich than could possibly be achieved by having a cluster of federated, semi-autonomous States, each of which might become the shelter for budding Nazi movements and suspect business combinations. And the Ruhr—the key to everything—must be under inter-Allied control, and the Russians must be in on it. So Molotov said; and this is being frequently recalled. As for the Russian Zone—well, industrially there is not so much of it anyway; it is emphasised that much of the big stuff has been dismantled for reparations. How much has not been officially disclosed. But anyway there is no danger of the Germans ever starting another war with what they have got in the Russian Zone. As for de-nazification, the Russians are very hot on this. They claim to have achieved, in their Zone, complete de-nazification of education, expropriation (on the strength of the people's will) of big factories and big estates, agrarian reform and the settlement of hundreds of thousands on the land. The Nazis? Of course, there are Nazis, but small fry only, and none of them allowed to hold anything but petty, routine jobs. That is how it ought to be in West Germany, too; but it isn't, say the Russians. So one can well imagine the Foreign Ministers' Conference starting with a good deal of mutual recrimination, and only thereafter are the Ministers likely to settle down to the elaboration of a practical programme.

So far, preparations in Moscow for the Conference are not yet very apparent. There is much painting and scrubbing in the principal hotels, and a lot of residents are going to be shifted to make room for delegates and journalists. It is announced that there will be definitely no censorship on "Conference copy," whatever that may mean. How many foreign journalists will be allowed to come to Moscow is still uncertain. It is true that the accommodation question is extremely difficult: London is half-empty by comparison. Measures are being taken to ensure that telegraphic communications do not present a constant bottleneck, but that channels may be cluttered up with cables is highly possible. The delegations directly concerned will send many thousands of ciphered words daily; there will be the press; and naturally every conceivable legation, from the Uruguayan to Icelandic, will feel bound to keep its Government in the picture.

For the present, there is much more activity visible in connection with next Sunday's election to the Supreme Soviets of the Republics. Numerous meetings are being held in workers' clubs in factories; pep talks for higher output and in praise of the Constitution are given in private houses. Every voter is, in fact, contacted both individually and collectively by the "agitators." These are mostly workmen who during the election campaign devote part of their day to "agitation." They explain why it is important to vote, they have appropriate quotations from the speeches of the leaders, they explain why the present difficulties of the Soviet Union are transitory and temporary, why the difficulties in capitalist countries are organic and inevitable, and why the Soviet Union is a much more democratic country than any other. They explain why, with the class struggle in Russia ended, there is no need for more than one party; thus a hundred per cent vote of confidence in the Government is a citizen's patriotic duty. It is important, they add, to impress this monolithic national solidarity on the outside world. An English friend answered the door bell the other day, and found on the mat a charming young girl who said, with a beaming smile: "I am your agitator. I have come to agitate you." However, as my friend turned out to be an obvious foreigner, the lady agitator swept him aside and spent the next quarter of an hour agitating his cook instead. This agitation is thoroughly done. There are estimated in Moscow to be one agitator for every fifteen to twenty voters and the ballot box is brought to your bedside if you are ill.

Naturally people are concerned with present conditions, and agitators are armed with ready replies to many anxious questions about rationing, housing, food prospects, and so forth. Conditions for most people are unquestionably difficult today—much more difficult than could have been anticipated a year ago. The other day the State Planning Commission issued its report on the fulfilment of the Five Year Plan in 1946 and said, what had not been said before, that there had been the worst drought in fifty years—almost as bad as in the famine year of 1891, and worse than in 1921. It added that, thanks to the Soviet system and a good harvest in Siberia, a catastrophic situation had been averted; but the seriousness of the situation is unquestionable, and food difficulties will be considerable, till midsummer anyway. The drought has prevented the abilition of bread rationing in 1946, and has undoubtedly set back badly the agricultural restoration which looked fairly promising a year ago. There are many areas in the Ukraine and Russia where the food shortage is very serious indeed. In the Ukraine young cattle are short of fodder, with the inevitable result that the building up of live stock may be set back for a year or two.

This is not all due to the drought. There has been a shortage of fertilisers and tractors, and, as the State Planning Commission's report points out, the manufacture of agricultural machinery is lagging behind all other branches of industry. In Stalingrad and Kharkov the tractor plants are producing only a tiny fraction of their pre-war output. In the towns there are also serious shortages. Unrra is winding up in Byelorussia and the Ukraine, and its going is the cause of the most serious hardships for the urban and part of the rural populations, which were almost entirely dependent on Unrra fats and meat. Paul White, head of the Unrra Mission in the Ukraine, has rushed to America hoping to secure the promised tractors in time for spring ploughing. Nothing is more important to Russian reconstruction than good harvests in 1947 and 1948. So far, it is too early to say what the prospects are. There was much frost in December, with a little snow. This was bad; but, as an offset, there has been a heavy snowfall in January, notably in Central Russia, the South Ukraine and Moldavia. This should help if the earlier frost has not killed too much seed.

A LONDON DIARY

READING the reports of the Palestine Debate last Friday, I was puzzled by the extremely self-confident tone of Mr. Stanley and Mr. Churchill's allegations that the Cabinet was "interfering" with the security arrangements and showing a lack of will power. A very reliable Tory source has suggested to me a remarkable explanation—that both of them were really speaking for Field Marshal Montgomery. Apparently he had let it be known that he wanted the soldiers to get on with the job and had expressed a poor opinion of politicians and High Commissioners. If this is correct, it explains a good deal more than the tone of Mr. Churchill's and Mr. Stanley's speeches last Friday. It has, of course, been known for some time that the victor of El Alamein has small regard for the General who was defeated in the desert and removed from his Command. Sir Alan Cunningham, with the full backing of Arthur Creech Jones, has done everything within his power to avert open warfare in Palestine and has urged that a final decision must be announced before the Jewish Agency can be expected to co-operate against the terrorists. But there are Members of the Cabinet who share Montgomery's views, however much they disapprove of his peculiar notions of procedure. Judging from the latest news, those views have prevailed.

* * *

One Member of the Cabinet who must be particularly disturbed by the situation in Palestine is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I do not mean simply that Hugh Dalton was personally responsible for drafting and moving the Party's Zionist policy at the 1944 Conference. He has a more direct and departmental interest, since he knows that both the National Home and the Persian Oilfields are of vital importance as sources of dollars. The recent commercial oil agreement, whatever its political drawbacks in handing over distribution of Middle Eastern oil throughout Europe and this country to the American companies, can be defended from a strictly financial point of view. By selling crude oil at source in Persia to the Americans, we get dollars instead of sterling. But the National Home is also a dollar asset. In 1946, despite the drastic curtailment of Jewish immigration, it contributed some 50 million dollars to our dwindling supply. About half came as Jewish capital imported into Palestine, and the other half from the proceeds of the diamond cutting industry, part of which successfully transferred itself to Palestine from Amsterdam in 1940. Fifty million dollars is about a third of the total value of British exports to America in 1946. Since the cost of settling each Jewish immigrant in Palestine is paid in dollars, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by fulfilling his 1944 pledge to the Jews, to permit unrestricted immigration, might well produce more dollars in the next two or three years than he obtained from British trade with the U.S.A. It must be exasperating for him to see us adopt a policy which conflicts both with pledges and with financial expediency.

* * *

There are about 16,000 deserters loose in England, of whom it is estimated that some 10,000 probably want to get genuine ration books and return to normal life. Nothing much can be done, I suppose, about the remaining 6,000; some of them will gradually fall into the hands of the authorities. But it is socially imperative that the other 10,000 should be persuaded to give themselves up. The recent Government offer is obviously ineffective. Some correspondents write suggesting a complete amnesty. This seems to me a little too simple. Men who have stuck on in bad conditions in the Forces will have a very serious grouse if deserters who have been at large for years now get off scot free. One suggestion is to set up special tribunals to deal with their cases; maximum penalties would be laid down, and every deserter would know that he would not appear before an old-fashioned court martial with no one present to examine his particular circumstances. A better proposal to my mind is to announce that no punishment will be inflicted for desertion, but that men who now give themselves up will be required to serve a further period of a year, or, in bad cases, of two years, in the Forces. In that case other soldiers would be released more quickly and I doubt if anyone would have any serious grouse. No soldiers will want deserters "punished," but they will object violently to deserters obtaining priority in release. My proposal then is an amnesty from all prison sentences and a further period in army service with the usual rights of promotion.

* * *

In pre-war Britain, the Barlow Committee estimated that only one out of every five eligible boys and girls had a University education. We are now feeling the pinch in the shortage of trained scientific and professional workers. For the moment the Universities are of course overcrowded with ex-Service students, but this flood will dry up in a year or so and plans for expansion must be made. I see that the National Union of Students, which has a membership of more than 50,000, is campaigning for the abolition of all fees, for full maintenance grants all the year round to needy students—with compensatory payment to their families for loss of their earning power—and for a minimum entrance standard to all Universities. This sounds ambitious, but I gather that the N.U.S. is securing support from the Association of Scientific Workers and from teachers' organisations.

* * *

I read somewhere lately that 27,000 public clocks in this country were put out of commission by enemy action during the war. It seems to me that this figure must include practically all those that ever catch my eye—they are nearly always wrong. The horological societies have wanted for a long time to have it made unlawful to exhibit a clock which is not right by official time, but at present a public clock can give what time it likes; and most of them do. At one time the police used to warn people responsible for public clocks if they were wrong, and well-known firms of clock-makers were always being telephoned to send a man immediately to put a clock right, as "the police were complaining." Apparently the police were bluffing—though they may have been putting a special interpretation on the provision to be found in many local Statutes penalising anyone who sets "up a projection from any building so as to cause annoyance." But no-one seems to have heard of a prosecution for this, and in any case it could only apply to a clock that "projected." If we were really foolish enough to start punishing people because their clocks were wrong, public clocks would disappear and leave architectural legacies like the circular holes in the north-eastern tower of St. Paul's.

* * *

Here is an interesting Moscow story. A visitor was recently talking to M. Gerasimov, the most fashionable Soviet painter, who is the leader of the back-to-photographic-realism school, and occupies a position roughly corresponding to that of the President of the Royal Academy. The visitor offered his congratulations on the reopening of some of the Russian art galleries and then added that he was looking forward to seeing the famous collection of French impressionists again. "When would that be open?" "Never!" said M. Gerasimov, and launched into a diatribe against the bourgeois degeneracy of Impressionism. (Memories of Ruskin outraged at Whistler!) The foreigner, remembering the Nazi sales of French impressionists, then suggested that at least the Soviet Government might acquire some dollars in ridding itself of these pictures. At this M. Gerasimov displayed a shocked surprise and gave the assurance that they would be kept hidden in the cellars in order to prevent anyone from being corrupted by their influence. I suppose the purge of bourgeois art was linked with Zahndov's polemic against bourgeois writers a few months ago. No doubt the line will change again with better harvests.

* * *

"We feel," writes Frank Owen, enclosing a copy of *Laugh with Seac*, that "the long-suffering public has had all the tough stuff it needs about Burma. This is the funny stuff—it is probably the real stuff, the way the chaps themselves saw it." As you would expect, the funny stuff is mainly about girls, food and army regulations. It contains poems and drawings; some of the artists had not done anything of the kind before the war and are now contributing regularly to the national press. Several of them, I should say, are sure of a big future. The verses are more commonplace. I like the complaint about the pin-up girl who has "only one dimension," ending:

Until the Repat Board directs—
I'll have to put up with synthetic sex.

My choice is *Post War Romance*, inspired by a report that the post-war planners propose "to give every citizen a Registration Number":

When 6473238
With ardour bent the suitor's knee,
And cried "O be my lifelong mate,
My darling 49263"
She, blushing, gazed upon the floor
And whispered "Yes, but subject to
The blessing of 5834
And also 69532."

So 6473238
Wed pretty 49263,
A happy married man was he
Then on their anniversary,
49263 told her mate,
"We'll have to build a nursery,
Dear 6473238

A little stranger's on his way,
A name for him we'll have to fix,
What do you choose?" And rightaway
He answered "89326!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to L. B. Highover.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

That it was good to have Guides from other countries over here, if only to show them that our whole way of life was against cheating at games, was emphasised by the speaker, who went on to say that not to cheat at games comes as a new idea to the French.—*Worthing Herald.*

Where permission is granted . . . for the erection of a building, the grant of permission may specify the purposes for which the building may be used and if no purpose is so specified the permission shall be construed as including permission to use the building for the purpose for which it is designed.—Town and Country Planning Bill, Section 16 (2).

Leslie Gordon Waterman, aged 32, a golf caddie, of Hampreston, Dorset, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for stealing 126 golf balls and committing bigamy with Irene Harrop.—*News of the World.*

A talented cut . . . clever shaping—worn open when you feel informal . . . closed for chic demure.—Advt. for blouse in *Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

Local authorities have rejected a by-law framed by the Buckinghamshire County Council to stop dogs barking and cats mewing at night. It was proposed by Chesham Council.—*Evening News.*

Unless something was done about the labour question we would go short by the production resulting from that body of labour which was not there.—*Shipley Guardian.*

MACEDONIA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

MACEDONIA is once again living up to its reputation as one of the endemic plague-spots of Europe. Its geographical remoteness, the violent vicissitudes of its history, and the intricate ethnical texture of its population tend to make it more a subject for propagandist eloquence than the object of dispassionate study.

Yet certain basic facts stand out clearly. The first is that, for months past, Macedonia has been the one part of a Europe nominally at peace where hostilities continue on a considerable scale. Though the severity of winter now seems to be restricting operations, a state of civil war, with more than a hint of international war to it, still persists.

Another basic fact is that the Greek Government is convinced that this "bandit activity" is sponsored by Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania. How much truth there may be in these charges, which have been laid before the Security Council, it is difficult as yet to say. Some plausibility is, however, lent to the Greek thesis by the certainty that Marshal Tito's Government regards the present boundaries of the Yugoslav Macedonian Republic as provisional. A Greater United Macedonia is certainly a part of Belgrade's ultimate programme—but just how Great it is hoped to be, and by what means it should be united, remains to be seen.

It has been generally assumed that the next move towards the realisation of this programme would be the inclusion of Bulgarian or Pirin Macedonia, whose quarter of a million inhabitants live to the east of the present Macedonian Republic. Despite the ties of ideological sympathy which unite the Fatherland Front Government with Marshal Tito's regime, considerable reluctance is, however, being shown in Bulgaria to a project which would deprive her of a slice of valuable territory. The numerous Macedonians, both from the Bulgarian and the Yugoslav areas, who have long made their home in Bulgaria are still an influential body and cannot reconcile themselves easily to the loss of Bulgarian Macedonia. It was in all probability due to their efforts that the new Bulgarian Constitution was framed so as to include no guarantee of the right of any one section of the population of Bulgaria, as at present constituted, to secede at will. This omission has been vigorously criticised in Yugoslavia.

If, as the Greeks maintain, Yugoslavia is indeed behind the designs of present guerrilla activity in Greek Macedonia, it is not easy to see exactly what her aims are. A Greater Macedonia could be taken to imply either (a) a Slav State, including the Bulgarophones, or Greek Macedonians of Slav origin, or (b) a much larger State covering what is geographically Macedonia and including, of course, a considerable Greek minority.

Project (a) would be difficult to realise, as the Bulgarophones do not inhabit a solid fringe of territory along the present Yugoslav frontier, but are grouped in scattered enclaves, of which the largest lies in the hill country north-west of Salonika. Their numbers are difficult to determine, since they were greatly reduced by the exchange of population carried out between 1918 and 1924. Greek sources put their present strength at about 100,000, but the Yugoslavs put the figure considerably higher and claim that 50,000 Bulgarophones have already sought refuge on Yugoslav soil.

Macedonia as a geographical concept (and in modern times it has never formed an administrative or political unit of its own) may be taken to include the territory bounded on the east by the Rhodope mountains and the Mesta river, on the south by a line running south-west from the mouth of the Mesta to Mount Olympus and thence to Metsovo, on the west by the Albanian mountains, and on the north by the Shar range and the hills behind Skoplje. The total population of a State comprising this area would not be far short of three millions, of which perhaps half would be Greeks. Such a Greater Macedonia would be Great indeed, as it would contain the mighty port of Salonika and control the vital Morava valley leading from the Aegean to the heart of Central Europe. Since no Greek patriot (the Greek Communist not excepted) could for a moment contemplate such a crippling loss of strategic territory, it is difficult to see how a Greater Macedonia along these lines could be formed as a result of anything short of another European upheaval or the complete submission of Greece and her Western sponsors as a result of a merciless war of nerves.

In the meantime Yugoslav Macedonia has not yet mastered its own growing pains. In addition to the formidable task of building up a new administrative and educational machine and making good the Republic's inadequate food supplies, the Skoplje Government has been carrying out a vigorous political purge. Owing to the strictly centralistic policy carried out by Belgrade before the war, there are no indigenous local political parties, and the monopoly of power exercised by the Communist Party appears to be more absolute there than in most other parts of Yugoslavia. The one non-Communist politician of some standing, Andonov-Chento, an agrarian leader who worked in alliance with Dr. Macek's Croat Peasant Party before the war and was elected President of the first Macedonian Assembly in 1944, has now been tried and sentenced to 11 years' hard labour.

The charges brought against Andonov-Chento include that of plotting with the followers of Vancho Mihajlov, the notorious terrorist and IMRO leader. Though Mihajlov has not yet been apprehended, it seems unlikely that his former agitation for a Bulgarian-controlled Macedonia can be effectively revived. Mihajlov's pro-Hitler, pro-Pavelic star has waned, whilst that of his rival, Dimitar Vlahov, who founded his own branch of IMRO, known as United IMRO some twenty years ago, has risen. Vlahov has always worked for the formation of a United Macedonia under strong Soviet auspices. Two years ago he returned from Moscow to take up high office in Marshal Tito's administration. His friendly relations with Georgi Dimitrov may now go far towards smoothing out Bulgarian objections as to the future of Bulgarian Macedonia. To secure Greek acquiescence for the final phase of the Greater Macedonian programme will be a far more formidable task.

THE NEW OXFORD

OXFORD, one is always being told, is not what it was. Sad-eyed senior members in the bar at the Union—itself a faded relic of Ruskin and the P.R.B.—talk wistfully of an Old Oxford where there was youth and beauty and parties and poetry and a fine frenzy of intellectual activity. I was not at Oxford before the war, so I do not know how much of this is just romancing. I have, however, an inkling of what is meant when I look back at another university I attended.

I suspect the Old Oxford was what it was because it's a *young* Oxford, because undergraduates were approximately twenty and not, as many of them are today, veterans of war approaching thirty. Changes there have certainly been. Breakfast with guests in college rooms, Pass Moderations, the Dramatic Society's club and most of the college servants—these are some of the familiar features that are missing. Now it is every meal in Hall or a British Restaurant, doubling-up in studies, Nissen huts in quads, theatricals in the open air and queues everywhere. The traditional graceful living has given way to crowding, austerity and plain hard work.

Of Oxford before 1914, Edward Thomas wrote that an epigram was more appreciated there than the patient, precise scholarship that Cambridge fostered. Perhaps Oxford and Cambridge are more alike today. It may be observed that there are features in common between Oxford's emergency Sections examination and the Cambridge Preliminary, between Oxford's new baccalaureate in Philosophy and Cambridge's Moral Science Tripos. But comparisons and analogies apart, Oxford at present is an earnest place. The frivolous element, to be found at morning lecture times drinking coffee in the Playhouse bar, consists largely of aspirant actors and actresses, identified by their vivid clothes and their frequent allusions to Mr. Coghill, the director of the OUDS, as "Nevill."

Most of Oxford's six thousand undergraduates have no time to waste, especially if they are taking the special Service students' Honours courses, which cram into five terms the work of nine. The old-fashioned college Passman, muscular, decorative or plain, is rarely met today. For an undergraduate who is, as many are, married, living with wife and baby in half a workman's villa in an Oxford suburb, a good degree and the job it leads to are serious matters. And while the older undergraduate profits in his studies from his knowledge of the world, he usually finds it hard to swot. Forgotten Greek and Latin are not easily revived in a student's mind, and the traditional classical discipline of *Literæ Humaniores* has not the following it enjoyed when undergraduates came straight from public schools. An "education of the whole man," that ideal of dons and especially of older dons, is less desired than an education for a particular profession. The popular Honours schools are English, History and Modern Languages, which are useful for teaching; Jurisprudence, for lawyers; Theology, for parsons; Natural Philosophy, for scientists; and "Modern Greats" for the kind of all-round man the Civil Service welcomes.

Oxford, thus academically industrious, exhibits no great distinction at present in the way of extra-curricula cultural activities. The poetry, plays, paintings and recitals are often competent, never memorable. Likewise university journalism: *The Isis* accumulates merit slowly, *Cherwell*, which played for a *succès du scandale*, was suppressed this Term by the Proctors. The musical concerts with visiting artists, the shows at the Playhouse and the New Theatre, the film societies and the meetings of different clubs provide the recreation of the university in the few hours between dinner in Hall and an early bed.

The climate of political opinion has changed conspicuously during the past few terms. In the spring of 1946 the Socialists were the strongest group, with Liberals and Conservatives about equal as runners-up. In the autumn of last year the new wave of ex-officers returning to Oxford swelled the Conservative ranks until they exceeded the Socialist and Liberal Clubs combined. The Socialist Club maintains a precarious unity between Labour and Communist members. Outside the political clubs there has been a notable stirring on the Christian Progressive front, and Gollancz, not Buchman, is the man who counts with the actively religious people in Oxford today. Food relief for Europe has been enthusiastically supported.

There are no sensations in post-war Oxford. A young man who put the traditional pot on the Martyrs' Memorial had to write to the press to draw attention to his exploit. Dare-devil drinkers have failed to catch the Proctor's eye in local pubs. As for sex, most undergraduates have passed the age of talking about it.

Lectures seem to be attended chiefly by women students and scholars. Dons, who are overworked at tutorials, rarely lecture as well as they might. Reading is difficult because the libraries are crowded with students, and the bookshops are destitute of textbooks. The squat, inelegant New Bodley has augmented the library accommodation without meeting the full demand. Inside knowledge of private libraries is necessary for any student who is to read all the books he is set.

In Junior Common Rooms the spectacular sporting successes of the university teams are observed with satisfaction, but rarely discussed; war reminiscences are almost taboo; conversation usually concerns digs, jobs, politics and the complexities of the examination statutes. In Senior

Common Rooms the institution of an Honour School and Professorial Chair of Psychology is the major current topic. After last year's brisk controversy over the B.Phil degree, conservatives and modernists among dons are once more at loggerheads: the one group thinks Oxford has something better than Psychology to teach undergraduates, the other that Oxford must give instruction in Psychology if it is wanted. As usual, even in Oxford, the modernists are winning.

Unharmed by war, Oxford physically retains such natural and architectural beauties as the peaceful years of the twentieth century have spared her. Curiously enough, however, despite the crowds elsewhere, undergraduates are seldom met walking in Christ Church Meadow or Merton Fields, scarcely ever seen to contemplate the magnificent baroque of St. Mary's Church, the walls of Old Bodley, the cloisters at Magdalen, Peckwater Quad, the New College chapel, the gardens at St. John's and Worcester, the Ashmolean pictures or any other of the university's treasures. Oxford cannot be said today to luxuriate in discriminating self-esteem.

There are, of course, the trippers. They can be seen, guide-book in hand, gazing reverently at Balliol's broadside or Exeter's dismal front (the better guides, such as Betjeman's, are out of print); frowning faces scrutinise sketch maps to distinguish Brasenose from All Souls or Jesus from Lincoln. Undergraduates, if consulted, cannot always help. A man from Wadham may not know the way to Pembroke; a Magdalen man say he has not heard of Hertford. There are so many other things to think about.

In a university so full—figures are 1,200 up on 1939—crowds attract crowds. The fashionable places become impossible. The Union has had to keep a waiting list for Thursday night debates, hundreds have been turned away from important public meetings, there is a bustle for books at Blackwell's and Parker's (Bertrand Russell's latest sold 600 copies in advance), and standing-room only for such lecturers as Cole and David Cecil and C. S. Lewis.

And perhaps this bustle itself gives a clue to the temper of the post-war Oxford undergraduate. He feels himself, in many cases, rather too old to be there, and he is impatient to have done with his examinations, and to go.

MAURICE CRANSTON

OPERATION AGAINST JEWS

IT appears that extensive military operations may very soon be directed in Palestine by General Barker against—well, against whom? There is, of course, a precedent for military operations; such operations were carried out during the last week-end of June, 1946. They were then directed against the Hagana; and against the Palmach, which is the well-trained spearhead of the Hagana. What happened last time?

It was during the afternoon of a very hot Friday that dozens of Commanding Officers issued their orders for the operation—and very strange orders they were. Army officers, used to the issuing of orders against the Germans or the Japanese, were at a loss on this occasion. The set formula which had been battered into them at Staff Colleges didn't seem to apply very accurately in this particular instance. They came unstuck at the very beginning of their orders, under the headings of INFORMATION and INTENTION. "Information about our own troops"—yes, that was all right. But, "Information about the enemy"—this was very hard. Technically, there was no enemy. And "Intention"? Well, it was generally considered that the operation was to be directed against the Hagana; and I use the phrase "generally considered" because this aspect of the business was in most cases left very vague. Remarks were made about "hoping to strike at Hagana and thus drive the thin end of a wedge between the moderates and the extremists." But they were only remarks; if any direct *written* orders were ever issued on this operation then they were carefully concealed.

This was very important. It meant that the two Divisions of troops who were in Palestine at the time knew very little about the job they were doing. They left their camps in the early hours of a Saturday morning, fully armed, knowing that they were to search Jewish settlements. But they did not know *why*. And, later on, they pushed young male Jews into wire cages at the orders of their officers. They did not know who these men were or what they had done; they thought (in their ignorance they could hardly be expected to think otherwise) that these were the men who had blown up railway trains, who had killed British soldiers. But were they? The officers knew a little more than this; they knew that these men were supposed to be on a certain mysterious Black List.

All right then, there was a Black List. But it wasn't very helpful; imagine the absurdity of looking for a man called, let us say, ISRAEL COHEN, who was aged 32 and was last seen in Tel Aviv! It was rather like looking for a JOE SMITH, aged 43, and last seen in Burton-on-Trent. I do not know how many Israel Cohens were taken away from their settlements during those days. Or if the "wanted" Israel Cohen was actually found, then what? He was a member of Hagana. Two days after the end of these operations, I was speaking to a Jewish District Officer; he opened the window of his room and spread out his arm in a wide semi-circle that embraced the whole valley outside and he said, quietly: "You know, all the men of this valley are active members of Hagana. One hundred per cent." Then he smiled. At that time about two thousand Jewish males were in concentration camps, members of Hagana. Yet of those who remained in the settlements, one hundred per cent were active members of Hagana and made no attempt to conceal it.

But then, it will be said, important discoveries were made during that week-end. Yes; map-making machines were found, and apparatus that had been used to teach wireless signalling to small children, and training pamphlets and . . . and there was the arms dump at Mescheq Yagur. The operations were against persons and were not a search for things like this, but even so certain things were found. The British soldiers thought that important things were discovered, and the expensive picture papers showed a photograph of General Barker entering an arms cache. This was all very well at the time, but even then it prompted certain questions. The Jewish press said quite cheerfully that of course there were arms caches in Palestine; they had been made during the war with the full approval of the British military authorities. In fact, if certain sections of the Jewish press were to be believed, the soldiers had merely discovered something about which the British authorities already had full information. The soldier in July 1946 was greatly puzzled by the claims of the Jewish press. Was he helping to exterminate terrorism or was he jailing his allies?

The actual operation was unpleasant. At four o'clock on the morning of the Jewish Sabbath a young girl left her bungalow to see to the cattle. There were movements in the bushes outside the wire perimeter of her settlement. As the light increased she saw khaki soldiers. A complete battalion of them. She ran back, and presently the whole settlement was a buzz of voices. The Commanding Officer went smartly to the locked gate and summoned the leading villager. He had come, he said, to search for certain people. If the villagers co-operated there would be no bloodshed. His men would search the houses, take the names of all the villagers, and go away quietly. The leader of the settlement would enter each house with one of the army officers, and a police officer would enter also. The troops would enter the settlement but would not enter the houses. And so on. And if the troops were not allowed to enter peacefully—well, there were Bren carriers to push down the gate.

The Jews had no alternative. On the first day, the Sabbath, they were taken by surprise, but on the second and third days they were prepared. So the number of Black Listed men who were actually found decreased from day to day. They played for time, pretended that the keys to the gate had been lost, or that it was impossible to give an answer to the British commander without first summoning the council of villagers. And so on. It was a farce that became tedious with repetition. So did the continual answer to the question, "Your name please"—"I am a Jew from Palestine." And the answer to that? "Put him in the cage, Sergeant Major. How the devil do I know if he's on the list or not if the damned fellow won't give his name?" True, of course, but it merely filled the cages with young men whose only crime was a mixture of national feeling and anger at being disturbed. It was, as I say, a farce.

But not always a farce. There were men who came for interrogation whose arms were branded with the numbers which they'd received in Nazi concentration camps. "That," said the realistic police officer, "is a red herring. Don't get sentimental about it, old man." And their ages? Well, after a few years in a concentration camp and another year and a half of travel across Europe a man's age becomes deceptive. "Israel Cohen, aged 32, last seen. . . ." The man might well look a good fifty or more.

Late on the first evening, as the sun was setting, I was standing with a corporal on the grass just inside a settlement gate. Outside there was a cage which contained twenty or thirty Jews, singing national songs and guarded by the Pioneer Sergeant. The search of this particular village was almost complete. The troops were filing out into the road—smartly, to show just how well disciplined they were; and they were well disciplined too, or there would have been much unpleasantness. A group of young Jewish girls gathered beside us. The troops left, and we turned to go out ourselves. A girl with tears streaming down her cheeks spat into our faces. "You are worse than the Nazis," she said. We turned away. It is not true, but that she should feel it shows that something has gone wrong.

Did the operations succeed? They showed, we were told, that the British forces in Palestine could now take the initiative. Before this week-end all the initiative had come from the terrorists. And so the British army in Palestine, 100,000 strong, took action against the Hagana. From all over the country Jews were brought into concentration camps in army lorries. They were held there for many weeks without trial. Then they were released—almost all of them.

What was achieved? Anything or nothing? And what is going to happen when the Army takes the initiative again? Only General Barker knows.

INFANTRY OFFICER

LAPSUS LINGUAE

FROM time to time the bright old back-page boys of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION competition columns are permitted to whet their teeth on an old French sonnet or a detached chunk of obscurity from some modern French poet; and the resulting translations are always interesting, sometimes beautiful, but (at any rate where the printed entries are concerned) seldom amusing. But there is in existence a body of translations, bad and good, which is identified (in Arnold Bennett's phrase) "with the great purpose of cheering us all up." Translations of classic solemnities into the vernacular, or frankly into slang, achieve this purpose most easily and most successfully. I remember "Solomon Eagle" in the early days of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, some thirty-odd years ago, quoting a gem of this sort which came, anonymously, from the United States. It is a translation into the current American slang of the day, of *Die Lorelei*, and, since few readers of the present-day NEW STATESMAN AND NATION either remember it or have copies of the original, it seems to me well

worth reprinting here. After reading it, compare it with the original in order to savour the diabolically ingenious faithfulness of the text.

I sure wish some guy'd put me jerry
To what's put the jinx on my grin :
Some stuff that's as ancient as Perry
Is buzzin' around in my bean.
It's time for the glims and it's chilly :
There ain't no wild waves on the Rhine,
And ho, take a slant at that hill, he
'S lit up like a booze-parlour sign !

A swell-lookin' jane there is sittin'
A-flashin' a bushel of rocks,
Dolled up in her glad rags loose-fittin'
She chases a comb through her locks ;
And while with that 14-K harrow
She gives her alfalfa the drag,
She spiels like a white-necktied sparrow
A classy young raggity-rag.

The guy in the one-lunger dinghy
Is nuts on her musical game :
He bumps on the rocks with a bing, he
Just can't take his lamps off that dame.
I'll bet you a bone to a marble,
He's going to land in the drink ;
And it's Lorelei's fancy old warble
That's put him for keeps on the blink.

More fun (but this time unintentionally) was made of this song by L. W. Garnham, B.A., who is quoted by Mark Twain in *A Tramp Abroad*, as beginning his translation thus :

I do not know what it signifies
That I am so sorrowful :
A fable of old time so terrifies,
Leaves my heart so thoughtful.
The air is cool and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine :
The summit of the mountains hearkens
In evening sunshine line.

A translation into scientific slang, usually called jargon, can be equally amusing ; witness the Johnsonian version of a well-known nursery rhyme :

Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific :
How can I fathom thy nature specific ?
Loftily poised in the ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

Both "Q" and Mr. James Agate (and probably a host of others) have cheered us up with vernacular or jargonic versions of Shakespeare's most hackneyed speeches, and I do not know what specialist in the Lancashire dialect is responsible for this scene from *Macbeth* :

MACBETH : Nar then, off thou gans, an' tell t'wife to clout t'bell as seean as t'yall's fit. It's 'igh time thou wert atween t'sheets. (*Exit* Servant.)

By gum, is this 'ere a dagger wot I can see i' front o' me, with t'handle this rouad on ? Let's 'ave odden thee. Dang it all, I 'aven't gotten thee, but I can see thee yet for all that. Wot for can't I get a geg o' thee ? An' then ageean, wot for can't I grab odden thee ? I tell thee wot, mebbe thou isn't a dagger at all. I'll wager thou's nobbut a spooky affair, sort o' fetched on with all this worritin'. Thou's still i' sight, just like this 'ere yan 'angin' on tiv my belt, wot I's off to do t'old chap in wiv. Why nar then, I tell thee, all on it fair gets past me. Dang my eyes if it doesn't. . . .

Pidgin English, which is, in its proper place, a serious and useful international linguistic go-between, yet strikes those not habituated to it as irresistibly funny. Charles Godfrey Leland exploited this feeling to a greater extent than anyone else with his brilliant translation of *Excelsior*, which, as every NEW STATESMAN AND NATION reader probably knows, begins :

That nightey-tim begin chop-chop
One young man walkee, no can stop :
Maskee snow, maskee ice,
He cally flag with chop so nice :
Topside galow !

Great ingenuity is exercised in pidgin translations by people whose only purpose is to make themselves understood. What term other than genius, for example, can one give to the inventor of the pidgin phrase for "envelope" which is "trousers him b'long letter" ; for a baldhead—"coconut him b'long grass no stop" ; and eternity—"time on and on and on and still on" ? As evidence of the serious use of pidgin for official communications with African natives, I quote part of the official proclamation when Great Britain took over the German territory of New Guinea, in 1914 :

All boys belonga one place, you savvy big master, he come now, he new fellow master, he strong fellow too much. . . .

This proclamation ended :

Now you give three feller cheers, belonga new feller master. No more 'Um Kaiser—God Save 'Um King.

The Bible has always attracted the kind of chap who likes to turn one kind of English into another for his own amusement—and possibly for the amusement or edification of others. The "Song of Solomon" in the Sussex vernacular seems a queer stunt, but that is how Mark Antony Lower sees it. His version, which is quite as moving as the original, begins :

Lookee, you be purty, my love, lookee, you be purty. You've got dove's eyes adin yer locks ; yer hair is lik a flock of goats dat appear from Mount Gilead.

Yer teeth be lik a flock of ship just shared, dat come up from de ship-wash ; every one of em bears tweens, an nare a one among em is barren. . . .

The Rev. Edward Harwood, the author of the *Elegant Bible*, was more concerned with grandiloquence than poetry, and he really did not improve the parable of the Prodigal Son by rendering it :

A gentleman of splendid family and opulent fortune had two sons. One day the younger approached his father and begged him in the most importunate and soothing terms to make a partition of his effects betwixt him and his elder brother. The indulgent father, overcome by his blandishments, immediately divided all his fortune betwixt them . . . (and so forth).

It is a far cry from the Bible to Lewis Carroll's Jabberwock ; but this final example of odd translations is such an apparently impossible achievement that I would like to quote it in full. The word "impossible" would, I think, be applied by anyone to whom it was suggested that Carroll's Jabberwocky might be translated into German. But it has been done, and done brilliantly. Also, no profound acquaintance with the German language is necessary to appreciate the skill and humour of the achievement. The translator calls it

DER JAMMERWOCH

Es brillig war. Der schlichte Toven
Wirrten und wimmelten in Waben !
Und aller-mümsige Burggoven
Die mohmen Räth' ausgraben.

Bewahre doch vor Jammerwoch !
Die Zähne knirschen, Krallen kratzen !
Bewahr' vor Jubjub-Vogel, vor
Frumiösen Banderschnatschen !

Er griff sein vorpals Schwertchen zu,
Er suchte lang des manchsam' Ding ;
Dann, stehend unten Tumtum Baum,
Er an-zu-denken fing.

Als stand er tief in Andacht auf,
Das Jammerwochen's Augen-feuer
Durch tulgen Wald mit wiffek kam
Ein burbelnd ungeheuer !

Eins, zwei ! Eins, zwei ! Und durch und durch
Sein vorpals Schwert zerschnifer-schnück,
Da blieb es tödt ! Er, Kopf in Hand,
Geläumfig zog zurück.

Und schlugst Du ja den Jammerwoch ?
Umarme mich, mein Böhmsches Kind !
O Freuden-Tag ! O Halloo-Schlag !
Er chortelt froh-gesinnt.

Es brillig war. Die schlichte Toven
Wirrten und wimmelten in Waben ;
Und aller-mümsige Burggoven
Die mohmen Räth' ausgraben.

This gem appears in the Appendix to *Lewis Carroll's Picture Book*, and is signed "Hermann von Schwindel." A free translation of that signature into English would give us either "Lewis Carroll" or C. L. Dodgson.

ALLAN M. LAING

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

Moby Dick. This was a brave effort, and even where it failed the failure was, so to speak, of a high order. The novel is one of those very very few which exactly deserve the epithet "Shakespearean" ; in breadth, in mysterious overtones, in poignant eloquence of character, it is the *King Lear* of fiction. To confine the atmosphere of this stupendous drama within the limits of a broadcasting studio needed considerable virtuosity, and it is to the lasting credit of all concerned that for long stretches the piece did succeed in casting over us the sombre spell of the book. As a poet Mr. Henry Reed undoubtedly possesses dramatic power ; the passages of verse narration and soliloquy in his play are magnificent (some of them were impaired in performance by being delivered too near the mike). As a radio script, *Moby Dick* attempted the impossible ; and perhaps it was hardly Stephen Potter's fault if all the sound and fury in Part I were more irritating than graphic. Shouting and confusion is tolerable on the air only in extremely small doses ; very quickly the image becomes blurred beyond recognition. Here I feel more inclined to blame Mr. Anthony Hopkins, whose orchestra should have lifted us above the level of the words—a responsibility of which it hardly ever acquitted itself. The opening sermon was far too long, considering that we could not be expected to know where we were or what was what. On the other hand, the succeeding sequences, ending with the ship's casting off, were among the most successfully poetic in the programme. Here the production and acting counted for most, as again in the finely managed perspective of the boats, later on in Part I. It was a pity that Master Brian Weske should have been largely inaudible, for the part of Pip is as important, *vis-à-vis* Captain Ahab, as that of the Fool *vis-à-vis* Lear. It was not Sir Ralph Richardson's fault that his dialogues with the half-crazed boy in Part II were not as heart-rending as they might have been. On the whole the cast distinguished itself, and as Starbuck, Mr. Bernard Miles managed, as usual, to create a character out of very little. I hope I have said enough to establish the impressive quality of this broadcast, however great its faults. Programmes like this must have weight, at all costs, and I personally would give many a slick and shiny radio favourite for a single sequence from *Moby Dick*. As a partial failure it was more memorable than some other Third Programme fantasies I can think of, which may have been easier to listen to but which simply went in at one ear and out at the other.

Shaw Festival. I shall not pretend to have sat this out entirely. My impression is that an early play like *The Devil's Disciple* is still a good deal more lively and rewarding, even on the air, than *The Apple Cart*. It seems to me a pity not to have seized the opportunity to revive *You Never Can Tell*, which must remain one of Mr. Shaw's most winning plays. *Blanco Posnet*, on the contrary, had better have been left where it was. In any case, surely the best way of interpreting melodrama today is not to act it melodramatically. I wish some competent person would address themselves to the task of reviewing Mr. Shaw's genius again with reference to that of Voltaire. The ambiguous attitude of both writers towards humour and seriousness might be illuminated by comparing, say, *Caesar and Cleopatra* with Voltaire's *Saul and David*.

Pelléas et Mélisande. If only the orchestra had not been so lacking in bass, this might have been as realistic a transmission as the Hamburg *Turandot* or the Prague *Dalibor*. The singing, however, was not all of the high standard set by the Pelléas of M. Camille Maurane. If opera transmissions from abroad can be as good as the three I have mentioned, there seems no reason why we should not hear some out-of-the-way operas the production of which, over here, might meet with insuperable difficulties. I shall return to this subject next week.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Odd Man Out," at the Odeon

An upward slope in fiction, which receives little or no attention when the Future of the Novel is debated, is the psychological thriller. I call it that for want of a better name. Its ingredients are violence, psychological realism, tension, coolness of style—and as much else as the author can introduce without queering his pitch. The type of story I have in mind is Simenon's *L'homme qui regardait passer les trains;* but every country can boast at least one of these masters who have trapped audiences through the bookstall habit. Graham Greene and F. L. Green are our own best exponents. Their merit, apart from anything else, is that they are immensely readable and that they cut the emotional pretence out of novel-writing.

They tell a story, with beginning, middle, and end; more than that, they narrate, and their immediacy derives from the cinema. Reading Mr. F. L. Green's *Odd Man Out*, one can scent the film in its terseness, its continuity of movement, its living background; though Mr. Green is hardly what one would call, in this field, a "visual" writer. Motion and speech are sharp, but one's perceptions of a man or a woman, a crowd, a street, are usually inside—just inside—the person or object perceived.

On the screen, all is seen and surfaced, and—grand surprise!—for nine-tenths of the action the film, while adhering closely to the novel, improves on it. The visual impact and beauty of this already much-talked-of piece accumulate riches of style that the original, despite its virtues, lacks: an enhancement, one might say, natural to the camera, if it weren't so rarely achieved. The opening sequences propel us, in the thriller manner, irresistibly: three terrorist rebels set out, at the chosen minute, from their Belfast lodging to hold up the cashier's room of a big mill. Smartly, with brief-cases, they walk in at the front door; while the robbery is being carried out customers chat in the corridor, women can be seen through a glass partition bending over machines. The cashier is shot dead and the organisation's leader badly wounded. He drops off as the car drives away, and the rest of the film follows a hunted dying man into the midnight of black streets, police cordons, and spasmodic attempts at rescue.

Orthodox departure? Not quite. From the very first moment death is implicit in the leader who, after months of imprisonment and hiding, persists in an exploit of which he is no longer capable. The streets rock round him as he drives to the mill, and later his agony is blanketed by moments of peaceful hallucination as death comes nearer. Johnny is a heroic figure, partly because he cannot do other than accomplish his own destruction, and partly because (unlike the gangster) he sacrifices to ideals not viler but nobler than those of the common man. The hunt for a murderer involves not only justice but the petty kindness and meanness, the fears, the exultance, the gossip, the wild celebration of a whole town. In a game of blind man's buff Johnny is shoved here and there by everyone he meets; one man wants the reward, another is merely thankful to get rid of him, a third makes a grab at his soul, a fourth wants to paint the dying vision in his eyes, a fifth quite simply loves him. This dance of death takes us a longer journey than through Belfast streets or from four in the afternoon to midnight, but its hoverings never, even in the turmoil that precedes the end, quit reality. The climax is reached with a Hogarthian pub scene, suddenly stilled by the hellish scream of the fugitive from one of the closed cubicles. The drinkers look at one another for a moment and then plunge into a whirling free-for-all.

To Mr. Carol Reed, the director of *Odd Man Out*, must belong the credit of having grasped all this diverse material and projected it in a single compelling form. The streets, alleys, steps, and houses that we first see by daylight develop a pattern of black shiny depths, tense and majestic to the eye, and covered over at last with snow. *Odd Man Out* is, quite easily, the most imaginative film yet produced in England: comparable, as more than one critic has pointed out, with Carné's *Quai des Brumes* and *Le Jour se lève*, though not, I think, so faultlessly achieved as either. Here and there the dialogue goes on a few seconds longer than it should; the harking after souls produces awkward moments; there are touches in the Walpurgisnacht (especially the fantastic painter—in the original, he is a rough genius) which go too far, while the surrealist moments go far enough—such faults, however, can be forgiven for the generosity of vision. The photography of Robert Krasker and the musical score of William Alwyn contribute quite as much as the actors to the unity of effect. James Mason, as Johnny, succeeds spectacularly in a role that is the more difficult because for long moments it involves immobility without loss of stress, and the Irish players, W. S. Fay, F. J. McCormick, Kathleen Ryan and Denis O'Dea, achieve their parts perfectly; Robert Newton, though with skill and style, overdoes his. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE THEATRE

"Born Yesterday," at the Garrick Theatre

Garson Kanin's first play is a variation in the manner of Runyon on a Pygmalion theme by Shaw; and its solitary fault lies in the author's having preferred to juxtapose alternate slabs of Shavian dogma with Runyonese wit rather than blend the two in a compounded Kaninite idiom of his own. On the Runyon level, *Born Yesterday* concerns the sentimental education of a racketeer's moll by an idealistic newspaper-man who subsequently becomes her husband: on the Shavian, it re-examines the concept that education brings social awareness, and social awareness misery. Mr. Kanin's dialogue is pithy; Laurence Olivier's production unobtrusively inventive; and the acting of Yolande Donlan, whose flinty little chorine strikes a whole constellation of sparks from the rough-edged surface of Hartley Power's racketeer, carries passionate conviction. The whole is set garishly in the luxury suite at a Washington hotel which Roger Furse, with a livid green fountain and vilely gilded balustrade, has conceived in terms of the purest twentieth-century Brighton Baroque.

FOREIGN BODIES

THE Government report our industry is short—
We're short of half a million pairs of hands,
Great Britain can't survive unless more hands arrive,
While redundancy is rife in other lands.
But tapping foreign sources to swell our labour forces
Would scandalise the British citizen,
Our backs are to the wall, but output is not all—
We only want the hands without the men.

The crisis in man-power is the headache of the hour,
But, once the labour legions were dispatched,
The aliens would be shipped with all those parts equipped
To which the hands are commonly attached.
By nature's curious whim, the owner of the limb
Must also be imported as a guest—
The hands we could redouble, but the bodies are the trouble,
We only want the hands without the rest.

Since Britain we must save from the immigration wave,
(Potential parents, residents and voters)
We're seeking ways and means of making man-machines
With electronic beam control and motors.
A robot labour corps to make production soar
We hope will shortly swim into our ken,
It's hands that Britain needs, not miscellaneous breeds,
We want the hands but will not take the men.

SAGITTARIUS

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JONATHAN CAPE

Correspondence

THE POLISH ELECTIONS

SIR,—I should like to take up two or three points in your issue of January 25th in connection with the Polish elections.

Your Correspondent, Doreen Warriner, states in one part of her article that the Socialists and Communists together possess 1,100,000 party members against the 600,000 of the Peasant Party and that the former bloc will also be supported by the poorer peasants, by some of the middle class and by most of the four million settlers in the recovered territories.

Setting aside the fact that her figures for the respective strengths of the Socialists and Communists do not tally with those provided to me by the Socialist party in Warsaw, one would suppose there was not much hope for the Peasant Party. Yet a few paragraphs later she blandly admits that "Mikolajczyk . . . if all Governmental pressures were removed would probably get a majority." She goes on to justify the methods by which the Government faked the election and prevented any possibility of a free expression of the people's wishes on the grounds that "Mikolajczyk, if he were to win the election, could not maintain a stable administration or carry on the economic plan." No shred of evidence is given in support of this statement, which remains pure assumption. All we do know is that the present Government, in order to maintain a stable administration, requires the support of 170,000 Security Police who employ Gestapo methods to suppress legal constitutional opposition, as Miss Warriner must have found out for herself without difficulty if she travelled outside Warsaw.

Mikolajczyk, she tells us, is "far less popular than he was a year ago." That is probably true in the sense that any German democratic leader was far less "popular" in January, 1934, after twelve months of Nazi rule than he had been in January, 1933. Correspondingly, Hitler, Himmler and the rest of them had become far more "popular." Didn't the election and the plebiscite figures show it? When the supporters of a political party are arrested on vague general charges and kept in prison for months without trial, when that party is spied upon, its political meetings broken up, its newspapers rigidly censored, it does become less "popular." Miss Warriner mentions that the *Gazeta Ludowa* continues to appear. She does not mention that every item that can possibly be construed as critical of the Government is regularly deleted, even including passages from the Polish electoral law.

Mikolajczyk, we are told, represents in his attitude an "opposition complex." One recognises that sort of language. It is the language which dictatorships habitually employ when they are contemplating a purge. To defend the principles of basic human liberty is, nowadays, to display an "opposition complex." Very simple! In some circles it used to be thought that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION during the 'thirties represented an "opposition complex."

In your Notes of the Week in the same issue you state that "voting was conducted in conditions of absolute secrecy." That is not so. Most Correspondents were restricted to Warsaw and its immediate neighbourhood on election day by the natural desire of their papers that they should cable a report in good time for the Monday morning papers in England. In the Warsaw area the stage-managing was fairly good, though not perfect. Correspondents who were able to get farther afield (notably those who visited the Lublin area) had a very different story to tell. In any case your paper surely realises by this time that only the most inexpert "managers" of elections permit large-scale "irregularities" to occur on polling day itself. Why should they? There is so much that can be done by striking electors off the registers beforehand and by faking the figures afterwards particularly when, in almost all the electoral districts, the votes are to be counted solely by supporters or sympathisers of the Government.

Your Correspondent does not mention the very remarkable fact that in the twenty-odd polling areas (out of over five thousand) where the Peasant Party did succeed (through some oversight on the part of the Government) in having scrutineers present at the counting, a high vote was invariably obtained by Peasant Party candidates. In almost every one of these areas they obtained a clear majority. But then Miss Warriner, to do her justice, does admit that "Mikolajczyk would probably have got a majority" if Governmental "pressure" had been removed.

It is the view of your Correspondent that elections should not have been held in Poland until the British Government had "liquidated Anders and the London connection." Just how does she propose that that should have been done? It is not new to hear the phraseology of totalitarianism employed in this country. It is still, fortunately, rather unusual to hear papers, reputedly of the Left, apparently recommending the employment of totalitarian methods against political opponents.

What it comes to is this: Your Correspondent, endorsed seemingly by your Notes of the Week, admits that the Government won the elections by methods as false and undemocratic as those by which other totalitarian regimes have established themselves in power in the past. But it is maintained that it was essential that the Government should win the election in order that the economic reconstruction of the country might be achieved. No evidence is given in support of this assertion. But even if it were a thousand times established that the Peasant Party could not push through the reconstruction of Poland with the same speed as the totalitarian bloc your argument is still a denial of the fundamental principles of political freedom as we have understood them in this country for more than three hundred years.

The justification of material expediency, which you appear to accept, has been the argument of tyrannies at all times and in all places. But it is a little astonishing to find it on the lips of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

[The correspondents who watched the Polish elections, including Miss Warriner and Mr. Buckley, while differing about details, agreed that pressure of various types was used by the Government. Whether this fact throws them into a spasm of righteous indignation or into a realistic appraisal of the facts depends, we presume, on temperament. No elections east of the Elbe have ever been fair by British standards.

Purists like Mr. Buckley should deny the legitimacy of any Government that has ever existed in any Eastern European country, and should demand that we cease to recognise the Government of the United States, since elections throughout the deep South are won in breach of the American Constitution by terrorising and disenfranchising the majority of the population.

Mr. Buckley has misunderstood Miss Warriner's remark that if "Government pressure were removed Mikolajczyk would probably get a majority." She meant, of course, that in that case the underground terror would have been effective against Government supporters. As for "liquidating" the Anders Poles, we meant of course that London ought not to maintain their semi-military formation.

Mr. Buckley's lack of historic or sociological understanding is well illustrated by his reference to the "principles of political freedom as we have understood them in this country for more than three hundred years." The war and revolution through which we passed in the 17th century were incomparably less savage than in Poland, but 150 years passed before we enfranchised Catholics or had elections that were fairer than those of Poland in 1947. Democracy grows slowly, and it is insular and ignorant to condemn other countries for not displaying a fairness and tolerance which we ourselves did not achieve until conditions of basic agreement made them possible. If the possession of some historical and sociological understanding, combined with a common sense objection to fermenting civil war in an Allied country, is a "justification of material expediency," we plead guilty to Mr. Buckley's indictment.—ED. *N.S.&N.*]

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THE PRESS IN PALESTINE

SIR,—The recent suggestion of the Palestine Government that all foreign press correspondents should be evacuated may no doubt to some extent have been caused by a disinterested solicitude for their physical safety. There may perhaps, however, be reason to apprehend that it may also have been due to a desire to give the Army a clear field with no witnesses. I would remind you in this connection of the case reported in the press some months ago of Lt.-Col. Webb, who had a body of journalists transported in a lorry to his Headquarters with the specific object of preventing them from witnessing the screening and rounding up of a body of Jews. The explanation given by the Colonel was, in substance, that occasionally the soldiers got out of hand and beat up Jews with the butt ends of their rifles, and one can readily appreciate that if this were done in the presence of impartial witnesses the style of the soldiers would tend to be cramped, or alternatively if they really let themselves go, they would lose prestige.

The Times in a recent leader referred to the dignity and restraint with which the British Army was carrying out a thankless task. It would appear nevertheless from the recent article in your journal by an Infantry Officer that the rank and file of the Army actually enjoy operations against Jews. According to the same source the officers by and large are quite as anti-semitic as the men, though they nevertheless behave with correctitude and keep their men in check. It is fair to observe in this connection however that the tone of an Army is set by the Commanding Officer and that the anti-semitic tenor of General Barker's non-fraternisation order of last year (in connection with which he was snubbed, although mildly, by H.M. Government) was scarcely calculated to act as a sedative.

It is to be hoped, that in accordance with the best traditions of their profession, all press correspondents will both remain at their post and also report fully and faithfully everything which in the interest of truth and justice deserves to be reported. H.S.

AMERICAN ZIONISM

SIR,—Recently a spate of articles has appeared in the British press betraying not only a profound misunderstanding of American Zionism but considerable emotional tension. Even so able and distinguished a publicist as Mr. R. H. S. Crossman has not been exempt from what appears to be a general trend to conjure up a fantastically distorted picture of American Zionists. Not one of the sinister motives and purposes recently ascribed to them or their leaders has the slightest foundation in fact. What is erroneously described as their rabidly anti-British sentiment has been in reality nothing else than an intensified loyalty to the Jewish people and the Zionist cause produced by the greatest tragedy in Jewish history. It is a tragic turn of fortune that the Mandatory Power, which has barred the way to the repatriation of Jewish refugees in their ancestral land, and the Government against which the Jewish people has been compelled to take up its struggle for survival, should be the Socialist Government of Great Britain. But the identification of American Jews with that struggle and the leadership contributed by American Zionists should not be confused with anti-British sentiment or anti-British policy as such. Even in the heat of their crusade against the White Paper American Zionists never yielded to the temptation of striking an alliance with anti-British forces which abound in America. As a matter of fact, at times they centred their criticism chiefly on their own Government and denounced its indifference and inaction in relation to the Jewish problem in even sharper terms than they employed against the British.

The situation at the Zionist Congress has also been distorted in the British press through a natural propensity to view such parliamentary struggles in terms of colourful personalities rather than basic trends. To be sure, Dr. Abba Hillel Silver's commanding personality and his great capacity for leadership played an important part; but it were well to record a few relevant facts and figures. The delegation of the Zionist Organisation of America headed by Dr. Silver numbered no more than 40 in all, constituting about 10 per cent of the Congress. The great majority of the 171 votes cast against participation in the London Conference came not from America, but from Palestine and Europe. Most significant is the fact that of the 80 Palestinian delegates only 34 voted outright in favour of participation.

What happened at Basle therefore reflects a rising trend against the traditional line of policy represented and symbolised by the Weizmann leadership for a generation—a trend not only explicable but rendered inevitable by the failure of the British Government to make the slightest move by way of strengthening Dr. Weizmann's position. As an acute observer remarked, it was not Dr. Silver and Mr. Ben Gurion, but Mr. Bevin who brought about Dr. Weizmann's retirement by sending him to the Congress empty handed.

As for the final outcome of the Congress, the Zionist Organisation of America claimed and received only two seats on a Coalition Executive of 19 members. Their "imperialism" thus turns out a rather tame affair, unless one were to pay them the extravagant compliment of counting one of them as the equivalent of half a dozen others. EMANUEL NEUMANN

London.

POLITICS IN THE ARMY.

SIR,—I have never understood the sort of sentimentality exhibited by Mr. Smith. His private soldier is a Communist. If his party were in power would it select, either for its Intelligence Service, or for its Army Education Service, a man known to belong to a party opposed to the existing form of government, and owing allegiance to a system of government existing in another country?

It is clear and admitted that this soldier has educational qualifications and possibly abilities which would fit him for a more responsible position in the Army. But since he spent the war as an engineer surely a commission in one of the technical arms would be open to him. The Army can hardly be expected to place him in a position of responsibility where his main function would be teaching—and presumably teaching history. What self-respecting Marxist could teach history, or would try to teach it except as a Marxist? And what version of current affairs would he teach? Presumably he would accept the recent extraordinary perversion by *Pravda* of Mr. Bevin's broadcast speech. As long as Communists continue to interpret facts to suit the party line rather than in the interests of objective truth, then surely the Army is justified in keeping them out of the Education Corps. C. F. PENNISON

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CIVIL LIBERTIES

SIR,—The Freedom Defence Committee was founded in 1945 to deal with cases of the infringement of the civil liberties of any citizens within the British Empire, and since its foundation it has intervened successfully in a considerable number of cases, which have been duly reported in its Bulletin. The impression that the need for such a committee has ceased with the advent of peace is an illusion: on the contrary, new cases are brought to our attention almost daily. But this impression has been responsible for a crippling decrease in our resources, and, unless immediate support is forthcoming, we must close down. At the end of 1946 we had a deficit of about £50. We need an immediate sum of £250 if we are to maintain an office and a typist-organiser, and in order to carry on efficiently we need a regular income of at least £500 per annum. This sum is ridiculously small in relation to the value of the work we are doing. You have not space for a recitation

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UNITED EUROPE COMMITTEE

SIR,—May I comment briefly on your "London Diary" and the statement issued by the United Europe Committee of which Mr. Winston Churchill is Chairman.

(1) Critic states that he is left quite in the dark whether or not "Britain is a part of Europe." The statement said quite simply "Britain which forms part of Europe."

(2) As practically all Europe is now controlled by Socialist Governments, whatever Mr. Churchill may say, it is apparent that any association of such Governments must also be Socialist.

Therefore, in so far as anybody is using anybody, it follows that the Socialists are using Mr. Churchill, rather than the other way round, though I must deprecate such talk. Of course we are, in fact, united in our primary aim, just as Socialists, Liberals, Conservatives and Independents are united in the support of the United Nations Organisation.

(3) May I point out that the manifesto calls first for the establishment of World Government, and only in so far as that is not immediately practicable for smaller associations. It is, therefore, apparent that if Soviet Russia were willing to come in, no one would be more delighted than I. The trouble is that, if we seek to include her we are called unrealistic, and if we don't, we are called exclusive. There is no escape from this dilemma.

(4) The implication that such aims as ours are anti-Soviet, does not bear one moment's examination.

If anyone seriously thinks that poor starving Europe in association with Socialist Britain is likely to commence an unprovoked attack upon the Soviet Union, they can hardly be sane.

(5) The fact remains, as every intelligent person knows, that no matter what temporary alliances may be patched up, history has shown them to be impermanent, that National sovereignties must breed war, and that until sovereignty is diminished there can be no peace. Mr. Bevin declared, "I am willing to sit with anybody *of any Party*, of any nation, to try to devise a franchise or a constitution . . . for a world assembly." In this, at least, let us follow him.

(6) An Anglo-American tie-up is undesirable. Britain's natural friends are the Socialist Governments of Europe, allied to the U.S.S.R. Britain already has such an alliance, so has France. So we hope would any Socialist association have which might emerge.

The conception we have outlined is not only the oldest Socialist ideal. It is now the barest common sense to anyone of any Party who is prepared to consider it objectively. EVELYN KING

[Mr. King's point (1) is purely verbal. The manifesto referred to Britain as part of Europe and to the Commonwealth as an example of the future federation. Critic wanted to know whether Britain could be simultaneously in both federations. Mr. Churchill excluded Britain from the European federation he proposed in his *Daily Telegraph* articles. —ED. *N.S.&N.*]

BUTTON "B"

SIR,—The law is sometimes odd, but it is not quite so odd as "Critic" suggests it is in his amusing note on the man who pressed button "B" in the hope of obtaining some pennies. Where "Critic" went wrong, if I may say so, was in his statement that "ownership is a vital element in larceny," because larceny is based on the intentional violation of possession and not of ownership. The magistrate was, therefore, not concerned with any question concerning ownership but solely with that of possession, and on this point there can be no doubt that possession of the pennies was in the Postmaster-General after they had been deposited in the box. "Critic's" further statement that "I should have thought they (the pennies) belonged to the people who put them in" is perfectly correct, and shows that he has a natural, although not a trained, legal sense.

A. L. GOODHART

University College, Oxford.

REBUILDING OF FLORENCE

SIR,—My talk with the Mayor of Florence has brought me eighteen letters expressing a desire to help the blitzed city. Eighteen out of forty-five million is not much, perhaps, but it is more than the Almighty required for another city and I have hopes. Since these letters were delayed in transit, may I take the opportunity of acknowledging them through your columns and assuring the writers and donors that they will have a reply and that I shall now endeavour to keep the ball rolling. LIONEL FIELDER

Le Tavernule, Antella, Firenze.

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

SIR,—I must thank you for your more than generous review of my book, *The German Air Force* (issue of January 18th, 1947). Your reviewer, Lionel Heald, states that I neglected the "seven months' blitz from October, 1940, to May, 1941," which, he says, "is discussed in a single paragraph in the chapter entitled 'The Battle of Britain'." I hope it is not too petty to point out that I also deal with the bombing of this period in the chapter on "The Battle of the Atlantic." I did this because I don't believe that on the German planning schedule there ever was a consecutive intention to bomb Britain over the seven month period from October, 1940, to May, 1941. From Christmas, 1940, to May, 1941, most of the *Luftwaffe* attacks were complementary to the Battle of the Atlantic. Minelaying and bombing of United Kingdom ports was the order of the day. As for Lionel Heald's further point that the "firmness of British morale may well have convinced Hitler that he must attack Russia," I really must disagree again. In point of fact the stocking up and development of airfields in north-east Norway, eastern Poland and eastern Rumania was begun in October, 1940, the very month in which your reviewer says the blitz began. The fact is I frankly don't understand the constant changes in German planning of the night attacks on this country—and I don't think they did either. Like your reviewer, I was in London during the seven month period and can well appreciate that from the receiving end it was a seven months' blitz, but it is fairly common knowledge now that Hitler had made up his mind that he must attack Russia long before the blitz on Britain was ended. I hope I am not unappreciative of the firmness of British morale or of Lionel Heald's review of my book. ASHER LEE

BOMBER HARRIS.

SIR,—In common with ex-Wing Commander Millington I wish to offer my observations of Ritchie Calder's survey of the book written by the outstanding commander of the last war, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris.

I find it difficult to be so tolerant as Millington with the lily-livered scum who tried so hard to make us lose the war. To offer such people an explanation of the policy of Bomber Command is merely to further their impertinence and treason.

H.Q., Bomber Command. R. P. HEDLEY, S/Ldr., R.A.F.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

It was in 1928 that Clough Williams Ellis published *England and the Octopus*, striking the first note of what was to become an all-too-familiar lament. In 1937 he edited *Britain and the Beast*, in which a number of writers voiced their apprehensions at the fate which they saw overtaking the loveliness that was England and made suggestions to avert it. Since then Mr. Ellis has been the unremitting champion of beauty in nature, graciousness in building and good manners in all who visit the first and make and use the second. Hence, it was right and fitting that the National Trust, which celebrated its jubilee last year with a volume illustrating its work with splendid photographs, should have chosen Mr. Ellis to *compère*—it is the word that his Introduction and running commentary irresistibly suggest—this account of the properties and land which it holds on trust for the nation. This is an even more splendid volume than the last. The photographs, some of which are reproduced from *The Times* and some lent by the British Council, are as good as any with which I am acquainted, and they are reinforced by a number of discreet drawings in colour and monochrome by Barbara Jones.

Yet the Trust—let us be frank about it—is faced with an inescapable dilemma. As a good democrat, Mr. Ellis holds that the enjoyment of the natural and architectural beauty of our country should be the birthright of us all. All, then, should have right of access to the properties which the Trust possesses or protects by covenant and it is the Trust's policy to concede that right. Yet if we take advantage of it, we shall, in our present mood and numbers, diminish if not destroy the thing that we love. Nevertheless, as the author says, the risk must be taken:—"We must perforce put up with the inevitable misunderstandings and gaucheries that will mark the first contacts of the uniniated with their hitherto unrealised heritage."

No doubt; but will they become initiated in time? The next fifty years will see the answer to this question. Before the war the number of car owners was 4.8 per cent of the population; the American figure was just under 30 per cent. Given reasonable prosperity, which assures workers of comfort and a financial competence in return for six or seven hours' machine-minding on five days out of every seven, a fortnight's staggered holiday for all, and a mass-produced car selling at £150 or £200, and the English figure for car owners may well reach the pre-war American. Add *chars-à-bancs*, Green Line buses, electric trains and cheap fares and it is obvious that the townsman's invasion of the countryside will be on a scale hitherto undreamed of. Now, you cannot expect what Mr. Ellis calls, "the overwhelming mass of our teeming population, town-bred, barbarously reared, in far other than splendid cities, having had little contact with beauty of any kind and, therefore, knowing or caring little for it" to come easily to terms with beauty, whether it be of God or of man. It is not true that we naturally love the highest when we see it; we are much more likely to heave a brick at it, build a shack on it, or strew it with orange peel and cigarette cartons. It is, indeed, in the nature of things that democracy, when first it goes to call on the country, should leave litter as its visiting card.

Nor is it only from the rude embraces of the new army of untutored country lovers that the objects of their love must be protected. There are also the builders; men who want to put up desirable brick villas with pink slate roofs in the valleys of the Lake District, or on the ridge of the Downs. There is something strange here; in the past it has been in its response not to music, nor to painting, nor to sculpture but to natural beauty that the English spirit has distinctively expressed itself; witness, for example, our nature poetry, the loveliest and most abundant in any language. Yet, as Mr. Ellis warns us, while nobody would dream of injecting "a line of hot jazz into a Beethoven symphony," we take it today as wholly in the nature of things that a man should be permitted to plant his perky little villa on the ridge of the Downs.

Here is an enemy so intrusive and ubiquitous that unless active steps are taken to preserve beauty during what the author calls "this difficult transitional time," it will largely disappear from the face of our land and a generation will grow up which, having never known beauty, will not deplore what is lost. Such a generation, bereft of its birthright, will be permanently impoverished in respect of its spiritual experience and will be to that extent something less than human. Mr. Ellis puts this well: "If a generation grows up which has never seen how fair the world can be, how can they hope to rebuild or replant or spread worthily to the barren lands that science can now conquer."

In fifty years' time one of two things will have happened. First, the effects of education may have begun to tell; hence the importance of making accessible to the public the graciousness of the country house set in its park, in the hope that, as this book puts it, "the general public will demand that such graciousness, far from being allowed to wither away, shall be more and more extended into the surroundings of its own everyday lives."

The hope from education is reinforced by the prospective decline of the population; for it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the present predicament of beauty is largely the result of over-population. For most of their history England and Wales have contained from five to six million people; in 1800 we were between eight and nine million; in 1900, following the industrial revolution, thirty-two and a half million; today, forty-two. Until twenty years ago we contrived to remain unaware of the effects of maintaining a population of forty-two million in a country designed to hold comfortably nine or ten by the simple device of penning the surplus in cities, giving them only four or five days' holiday a year and so consistently underpaying them that, even if they had had the leisure, they would not have had the means to take them exploring into the land which, they were assured, was their heritage and for which intermittently they were asked to fight. Now they are beginning to have both the leisure and the means with consequences to the heritage that are all too visibly before us. From now onwards, however, the population will begin to decline; in a hundred years we shall be less than thirty million, in two hundred, given the continuance of the present birth and death rates, we shall be back to six or seven; hence, in a hundred years at the most the danger will largely have passed. Meanwhile there is always the other alternative, the alternative that beauty will be dissipated past recall. Perhaps, indeed, it is already too late; perhaps, as Mr. Ellis suggests, "we have, as a people, let go of beauty too completely and for too long ever to recapture it as a national possession"—yet he does not think so. In either event a special obligation is laid upon this generation, the last that has known England beautiful—"the world that I was born into more than sixty years ago," says Mr. Ellis "was then truly, I do believe, as fair as it then seemed to my entranced young eyes"—to hold the fort until a more propitious wind blows from a less crowded and hustled age. Hence, too, the policy of the Trust to hold and preserve "important and vulnerable amenity 'hedgehogs' and salients," until such time as the forces of an enlightened State are prepared to take over the whole heritage of England's beauty. For, in the author's view, the Trust should look forward to a time when it can free its hand for the protection and preservation of areas still to be threatened, by handing over the charge of its properties in areas of more famous and familiar natural beauty to the guardianship of a Ministry of National Amenities. And yet, in spite of the Trust's brave show, how few the "hedgehogs" still are. Of the total area of England and Wales rather less than one-third of one per cent is owned by the Trust .... Its concern is not, however, limited to the properties that it actually owns. Mr. Ellis puts forward a scheme—it is not clear how far this is sponsored by the Trust itself—whereby every notable building should be scheduled as a possession of national worth, its owner being granted immunity from rates, taxes and death duties, on condition that he maintained the fabric of the house and granted the public the privileges of access at certain periods under carefully framed conditions.

The question may be asked, why the fuss? For what, after all, is the importance of beauty? Here I find Mr. Ellis's argument difficult to follow. He tells us that he has to admit "that no sensible person is likely to concern himself about visual beauty, its creation or preservation, save with reference to its human values." When I first read this, I conceived that the author was being ironical, having learnt, as I have done from long experience, that the one argument which you must never use when you are pleading with a business concern, or a Government department *not* to rape a piece of country that is lovely and remote, is the argument from its loveliness and remoteness. If you say that the proposed undertaking won't pay, that the soil is not suitable for the Forestry Commission's pines and firs, that the raising of the lake will destroy good farming land, or that quarrying will be bad for the sheep, there is a chance that you will be heard. But if you say, "it is beautiful and that is enough," what, they answer, is beauty when employment is at stake, or what is natural loveliness when it stands in the way of progress, or loneliness and solitude since by definition few can enjoy them?

Reading the passage again I found that Mr. Ellis really meant it, for he has, he tells us, come to believe "that the mere existence of beauty is of no importance; it is only its enjoyment by man that signifies." This seems to me to put the cart before the horse. People only enjoy beauty because it has worth independently of their enjoyment. Now that worth is not a human but a non-human value; for what is there of the human in a line of trees seen on a ridge to the west at sundown against a darkling sky or in the view from the mountain top as the mist lifts over valley or loch? These things are surely not of man, nor are their values human. But because man is also a spirit or, to use old-fashioned language, because he has a soul, he can respond to them and in his responding cease for a moment to be the nervous little clod of wants and ailments which is his natural condition. And it is for this as I see it that the Trust is, in the last resort, fighting, that the conditions in which spiritual experience may be vouchsafed to us may not be utterly destroyed, nor the channels blocked through which in an irreligious age the soul of man may most readily be reached and moved. Often, it seems, as if these are the only channels.

I have no space for a review of Mr. J. A. Steers's great work, nor, if space were available, have I the competence. It was a recommendation of the Scott Committee that the "Coast of England and Wales should be considered as a whole, with a view to the prevention of further spoliation." This consideration is, in effect, what Mr. Steers has given, presenting us as a result with an outline survey of the geographical setting and geological formation of the English and Welsh coasts, followed by eight more detailed studies of the different sections into which the coast is divided.

The book which is embellished by 117 photographs, is highly authoritative and is, I should say, likely to become a classic; but though much of it can be enjoyed by the general reader, there are large sections which demand some degree of technical knowledge for their adequate assessment and appreciation.

C. E. M. Joad

On Trust for the Nation. By Clough Williams Ellis. *Paul Elek*, 25s.

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Modern Islam in India. By WILFRED CANTWELL SMITH. *Gollancz.* 15s.

During the past half-century the sympathies and the interest of progressive Englishmen who have written about India have been centred in Congress. It mobilised the growing forces of progress. It led the struggle against Imperialism. It claimed to speak for a single Indian nation, and up to ten years ago, its claim was justified. The Moslem mass was somnolent and the alert minority within it adhered on the whole to Congress. Today a wholly new situation confronts us. This inert mass, inspired by an Islamic nationalism, has come to life. The Moslem League, which used to speak only for the conservative upper classes, has become a popular organisation, which can rally even the peasants. The chasm between the Hindu and Moslem communities is now so wide that it is unlikely to be bridged in our day.

What, then, as a social and political force, does Islam mean in India? The question is so important, that this book, which tries to answer it with scientific precision, ranks as the most vital contribution to our understanding of India that has been made for many a year. Mr. Smith, who is a lecturer on Islamic history at Lahore, has made with equal industry and vivacity a critical study of the movement of Moslem thought during the past seventy years, while Indians have been making the transition from a feudal and agrarian to a capitalist and industrial civilisation. He has read widely in Urdu as well as English—periodicals as well as books, poems, history and theology. He is at home, as so few Europeans are, not only among the intellectuals of the cities, but also among the old-world clergy of the theological seminaries. If his book is unique in its thoroughness and scholarship, it is unusual for another reason. Mr. Smith is a Socialist, who brings to the study of Oriental thought a scientific understanding of history and a clear conception of the economic forces at work. He is, moreover, fearless and plain-spoken in his discussion of the part played by the British rulers of India in taking advantage of the feud between the two communities.

The first half of Mr. Smith's book is a record, to be found nowhere else, of the efforts which believing Moslems made to adapt their traditional religion to the new industrial age. The parallel to Christian experience is close. There was the same ethical adjustment, the same stress on the virtues of the good apprentice and the self-made man. There was the same attempt at a rationalistic interpretation of Scripture. The belief in verbal inspiration was discarded and miracles were explained away. As time went on, these modernist Moslems fixed their attention almost exclusively not on dogma, but on the personality of the Prophet, in whom they saw the ideal man, their example and their comforter. The earlier modernists, confronting the civilisation of the West, suffered from a painful sense of humiliation. The ablest of them, Sir Sayyid Ahmad Khan, the founder of Aligarh University, after a visit to the West, even wrote that compared with Englishmen, the natives of India resembled "dirty animals." Against this morbid humility the next generation, led by Amir Ali, rallied healthily and recovered its pride. He wrote brilliantly about the glories of Saracenic culture and argued for the superiority of Islam over Christianity as a nurse of civilisation.

The last phase began with that great and original poet, Mohamed Iqbal, who gave to the spirit of Islam a fresh interpretation, creative and dynamic. Life for him is movement, struggle and defiance. He will not tolerate passivity and submission. The world for him is no longer a fixed universe dominated by a dictator God, whose rule servile men must accept. He pictures an unfinished, growing universe, incessantly created afresh through man and by God through man. He, too, had visited Europe, but he turned away from the ugliness of its capitalist civilisation in disgust. He went back, not to the imperialism of Saracenic times but to the primitive, equalitarian simplicity of the early Caliphs. In some sense he was a Socialist, who found in the Koran "for the capitalist, a message of death." But his social gospel was vague and his disciples found in it as often a stimulus to reaction as to progress. His verses like his life were full of contradictions. He wrote a glowing hymn to the Indian fatherland and yet he was the first advocate of Pakistan. He denounced Imperialism but accepted a British knighthood. He disparaged the intellect, yet he pleaded for the study of science. In one poem he pictured Lenin in Hell: in another he canonised him. With all his hatred of submission, he imposed it upon women, together with seclusion and polygamy. Equivocal though his influence was, he did more than any other man to awaken in Indian Moslems a belief in Islam as a living and dynamic creed and in their own mission and future.

In the political half of his book Mr. Smith is chiefly concerned to show why, in the new industrial age, antagonism between the feebler Moslem middle-class and the Hindu *bourgeoisie* was inevitable, and to trace the growth of the feud between them. He lays, it may be, too little stress on the autocratic and intractable temper of Mr. Jinnah, though he says more than once that his followers desired a settlement, which the leader was determined to refuse. Nor does he dwell on the constant ideological differences—so easy to revive when the two parties have cruder reasons for quarrelling—which have always kept the two communities apart. No two religions could well have so little in common—the one absorbed in the salvation of the individual soul in eternity, the other chiefly a discipline for the maintenance of a godly society here below. Nor is it easy for Moslems to forget their resentment against the institution of caste. But Mr. Smith is in the right when he stresses the economic factor in the relationship of the two middle-classes to one another. British capitalist civilisation was acclimatised first of all in and around the three great ports, Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, each of them predominantly a Hindu region. It came much later to the Moslem North. The Moslem clergy were always and still are bitterly hostile to a Western education and to the teaching of the English language. The result was that the Hindus (with the Parsis) acquired something near to a monopoly of Big Business in industry and finance. The Moslem middle-class, well aware of its backwardness in education, had to struggle for its share of jobs and commercial opportunities against a better-equipped and well-established rival. At first it looked to the British for patronage and protection in the unequal struggle. Eventually it turned to the expedient of political separation. The rivalry could not fail to be bitter, because the Indian middle-class is cursed with chronic unemployment and nagging poverty. Moslems now talk of Hindu capitalists much as the Nazis talked of the Jews. If Pakistan means for them a State that will revive the glories of Islamic culture, it also means a paradise in which there will be jobs for the Moslem middle-class. In it the Hindu banks and mills will be Socialised and round it a tariff wall will exclude the unwanted goods of the infidels. Mr. Smith—little though he likes the prospect of Pakistan—believes that the main tendency within the Moslem League is now progressive, and he says that its programme for the Punjab might almost have been drafted by a Communist—which may have been what actually happened. It is true that the League is being permeated by Communists and former Socialists, but its High Command is still led by feudal magnates. It may be evolving a species of "Islamic Socialism," but while it arouses the fanaticism of the masses and relies too often on intimidation and corruption, I doubt whether its demagogic creed will differ widely in action from the pseudo-Socialism of the Nazis. Save for a dim hope that Socialism will one day bring peace to India, this able and informative book ends on a pessimistic note without constructive suggestions.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

MOONSHINE AND CANDLELIGHT

Moonlight at the Globe. By RONALD WATKINS. *Michael Joseph.* 9s. 6d.

Woodstock. Edited by A. P. ROSSITER. *Chatto and Windus.* 15s.

John Kemble told Lord Blessington, who was an amateur actor of no mean capacity, that the worst professional player was better than the best amateur performer. Has there ever been an actor who would not agree with him? Mr. Bernard Shaw, more than fifty years ago, reviewing a performance by the newly formed Elizabethan Stage Society, remarked: "I have never, I hope, underrated the importance of the amateur; but I am beginning to cling to him as the saviour of theatrical art." It would seem, however, as if the professional production of Shakespeare had made little progress since Mr. Shaw's martyrdom as dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, and that the players and playgoers of this generation are, as he said of his own, deaf as adders to the Shakespearean music. "I have seen the suburban amateurs of the Shakespeare Reading Society," wrote Mr. Shaw in 1895, "seated like Christy minstrels on the platform of the lecture hall at the London Institution, produce, at a moderate computation, about sixty-six times as much effect by reading straight through 'Much Ado About Nothing' as Mr. Irving with his expensively mounted and superlatively dull Lyceum version." It would be interesting to have Mr. Shaw's views on the performances of *Twelfth Night*, *Henry V*, *Macbeth*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by Harrow schoolboys, as compared with the West End productions of Shakespeare in recent years which have been acclaimed with such uncritical enthusiasm. Presumably the Shakespeare *Prefaces* of Harley Granville Barker have done something towards the purgation or illumination of the professional mind, but the standard remains deplorably low. Mr. Ronald Watkins is a disciple of Granville Barker and a student of Mr. Cranford Adams's volume on the Globe Playhouse. He pursues the aims and ideals of the old Elizabethan Stage Society, and is fortunate in that he has the blessing of his headmaster and a mimic Globe in the semi-circular auditorium of the Harrow Speech Room. In a delightful book, delightfully illustrated by Mr. Maurice Percival, who collaborated with him in production, Mr. Watkins shows us how to solve Quince's "hard thing: that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber," and how to present *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the spirit of the poet who imagined it. After considering the practical details of staging and properties with a view to speed and continuity of performance, as well as the dramatic effect of particular moments, he turns to the music which will create this Elizabethan Midsummer Night for the ear. Exorcising Mendelssohn, he commends the madrigals and part-songs of Weelkes, Byrd, Wilbye and Marson. His choice of costume is also Elizabethan, worked out with great delicacy of detail. He sees Peaseblossom as a soldier, Cobweb as a Bishop and Mustardseed as a Castilian dandy. But the trimmings and appointments, in which they ape the mortals, are to be devised in the shape of leaf and flower. And Puck is no satyr, but a patch and jester, a motley fool, with a thistle for emblem on his chest and a great white daisy for a collar. Having settled his preliminaries, Mr. Watkins proceeds to walk us through the play and open our eyes and sharpen our ears; this is an admirable essay in appreciation based upon actual performance. That he has the root of the matter in him, like Mr. Shaw, his advice to the players will show:

> Titania meanwhile has her work cut out. She and Oberon and Helena and Theseus—and all those who are entrusted with the long static speeches of Shakespeare—must not faint by the way nor ever allow themselves to think that he did not know

his job, but must tackle them with the assurance of a virtuoso who has done his scales and studied his score. Titania must understand every phrase of this speech, must visualise each image, must not miss the unexpected humour of the word "proude" as applied to the flooding rivers, nor the half-comic pathos of the green corn rotting "ere his youth attainde a bearde," nor the fun in the phrase "the humane mortals," nor the swift change of mood in

hoary headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lappe of the Crymson rose . . . .

She must study the music, too, so as not to misplace by unconscious and habitual stress of the metre the emphasis of the poet's deliberate counterpoint. And having done all this, she must then seem to forget it and give the illusion of each phrase coming "fire-new from the mint." The Elizabethan boy actors were highly accomplished and highly trained. . . .

It would seem as if in poetic training and accomplishment Harrow has outstripped Eton; and one recalls Max Beerbohm's witty account of Frank Benson and his undergraduate troupe combining Shakespearean verse with village cricket.

Mr. Ronald Watkins is a schoolmaster, Mr. A. P. Rossiter is a scholar. Every schoolboy knows John of Gaunt's Little Englander speech on this other Eden, demi-paradise:—

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious surge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.

This, Mr. Rossiter suggests, is an echo from the old anonymous play, *Woodstock*, of which he has produced an exemplary edition. And "Plain Thomas of Woodstock," Lord Protector, may be the model of Shakespeare's "time-honoured Lancaster." Shakespeare's History Plays and Shakespeare's political opinions have occupied various critics recently. The first fifteen pages of Mr. Rossiter's Preface have much to say about Shakespeare's predecessors in this *genre*, about Chronicle-History and Morality, and the orthodox Tudor conception of the Moral Order in the State. It is said succinctly and incisively. He then proceeds to a valuation of the play, relating it to Shakespeare, discrediting any dependence upon Marlowe, and concluding that the author must remain Anon. He sums him up as follows:

He tries to see History in a big way (unlike Peele, Greene or Heywood's): has a marked sense of humour, of an unusually unbawdy kind: an interest in human pride of gesture in dramatic situations: much in politics and in the common people of whom he is not afraid. . . Much of what he has to offer about men, and most of all he gives to women, is grasped from without rather than felt from within. . . . Of individual philosophic reflection his play is strikingly innocent. For all that, he has an appreciation of the irony of things; and the good sense not to overstress it. Of the tragic ironies of Fate he has none. . . . He knew how a plot should run. . . . Each part—and he mainly planned the play in determinate parts—hangs together and leads to his point. The high spots come off in themselves, and also fit the argument as a whole. Neither in structure nor in the passing episode nor in the detail of touches of "character" and wry humour did the man write like a hack.

Thus encouraged, the common reader will find that he can read the play itself with enjoyment. There is little, if any, of the Elizabethan melody and the Elizabethan decoration, but it is alive and effective, although the vitality is mainly to be found among the lower orders, and Mr. Rossiter links Master Ignorance with Dogberry. One can set the King beside Shakespeare's Richard without muttering about a silk purse and a sow's ear.

These two newcomers to Shakespearean study are as welcome as they are opposite. Mr. Watkins "finds out moonshine," and with Wordsworthian power makes familiar things new. Mr. Rossiter, a Cambridge don, speaks *ex cathedra*, and is a little inclined to rap us over the knuckles with a parenthesis. He is more of a schoolmaster than Mr. Watkins. But his learned edition lights another candle and shines like a good deed in a naughty world.

GEORGE RYLANDS

OPEN ECONOMY OR PLANNED TRADING?

International Implications of Full Employment in Great Britain. By ALLAN G. B. FISHER. *Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 15s.

Professor Fisher's title is to some extent misleading. He is, in fact, presenting the case in favour of an "open" system of international trading, without regional arrangements or discrimination or bilateral bargains, and is then considering to what extent such a system is compatible with full employment, in practice as well as in intention. The case for a system of planned and regulated international trade, involving some measure of bilateral agreement, he hardly examines at all directly, contenting himself with very general reasons for rejecting it, after he has stated his conclusions in support of an "open" system. He is, indeed, plainly sceptical about full employment policies, though he does not oppose full employment as an objective; and this scepticism about planning at home lies at the root of his evident dislike of attempts at the planning of international trade. The result is that his book is not likely to convince anyone who is not, to begin with, both a sceptic about planning and a believer in the orthodox theory of free trade in international commerce. It will, however, with its appearance of objectivity and fair-mindedness doubtless bring comfort to those who agree with his point of view.

With much that Professor Fisher says about Great Britain's actual and prospective difficulties no sensible person will disagree. We are faced with a terrific problem in selling enough exports to pay for nearly indispensable imports—quite indispensable if we are to maintain our customary standards of life. We are so placed that high efficiency in production and a high degree of economic mobility and adaptability are our only chance of solving our problem, and that currency depreciation will be most unlikely to give us any material help, at any rate in the near future. We do very greatly need American aid in our post-war plight, and cannot expect to get it without conditions; and we do stand to profit by general world prosperity, and especially by a high total volume of international trade. All these are agreed points.

But what Professor Fisher does not succeed in showing is that there is any real chance of our being able to balance our international accounts under the conditions of "open" competitive world trading, even if all the conditions are favourable and world prosperity is maintained, and if there is no American slump. Personally, I believe there is no chance of this, unless we are left free to make preferential arrangements with the Dominions and to engage in bulk purchase on a mutual basis in exchange for exports. Much less can there be any chance of our success under "open" conditions if there is no sustained world prosperity and if there is an American slump. Moreover, the world is now so situated that a high level of demand for imports can, for some time, exist only if the Americans lend largely abroad—for there is no prospect of their accepting enough imports into their home market to generate the required demand without the aid of American loans. And, over and above this, if the Americans do have a slump, the effect will be not only to reduce their demand for imports, but also to induce them to push American exports, and to refuse loans, except such as are tied to the purchase of American goods.

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by this situation can be easily solved by any method. No one advocates bilateralism as an easy way out. It may, however, be the *only* way out, whatever its disadvantages; and this is the aspect of it which Professor Fisher, with all his appearance of impartial examination of all the alternatives, simply refuses to face.

G. D. H. COLE

REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOUR

The Faber Gallery: Royal Portraits by R. H. WILENSKI. English Outdoor paintings by R. H. WILENSKI. Sienese paintings by TANCRED BORENIUS. Flemish paintings by THOMAS BODKIN. *Faber & Faber.* 4 volumes at 6*s.* each.

Masterpieces of Flemish Art: Bruegel the Elder, edited by PAUL FIERENS. Breughel de Velours, edited by JACQUES COMBE. *Les Editions du Chêne, Paris* and *The Falcon Press.* 2 volumes at 17*s.* 6*d.* each.

Paintings and Drawings of Picasso: With a critical survey by JAIME SABARTÉS. *Braun, Paris* and *Soho Gallery, London.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

No mechanical copy of a picture can, at the present stage of scientific knowledge, be a replica of the original; the best that can be hoped for is a reproduction containing no untrue statement about the original and as many true statements as possible. The sharpest black-and-white photograph repeats the forms of the picture with absolute accuracy, even though it suspends judgment on colour, whereas the best coloured reproduction at present obtainable, may repeat the forms as accurately, but by attempting to approximate to the colour, deceives the spectator into imagining the original different from what it is. One process is a *suppressio veri*, the other a *suggestio falsi*: or, to put it into terms of foreign politics, the one a bald official communique, the other an intriguing rumour. This must seem so much hair-splitting to the painter who is happy so long as a colour block of an old master bears some resemblance to his own pictures, or to the general public who like their postcards pretty. But to those who use photographs as material for the study of personality, coloured reproductions are next to useless. Not only do the colours deceive but the animating spirit of the picture is watered down. During the war I used constantly to see a colour print of Van Gogh's "Sunflowers" until its timidity finally usurped the place of the original in my mind. When the picture itself was again on view, I was staggered and thrilled to find how savage it was. From a black-and-white print I should have expected less, and derived more.

As far as coloured reproductions go, the illustrations in the four Faber Gallery Books under review could scarcely be improved. In two cases where it is possible to check on the originals, the Ugolino "Deposition" and the Richard Wilson "Cader Idris," the colours are close, and in one case, the Velazquez "Philip IV," almost uncanny in its approximation to the original. But in general, in spite of all the efforts of a conscientious editor, the character of the picture has been lost. Anyone can prove this for himself who is unkind enough to visit the National Gallery, with books in hand. To take two examples from the Flemish volume, the Van Eyck and the so-called "Campin": the light on Arnolfini's outer garment is far too bright, Madame Arnolfini's dress too sombre, the back wall and chandelier too yellow, the bed, chair, cushion and slippers too bright a red. The shadows in the dress of the "Campin" Madonna should be dark grey-blue, not light blue-green, and the cushion should be rose madder. When almost every other colour is slightly distorted as well, and all tone contrasts slightly altered, the total effect is as misleading to the student of painting as to the musician a piece of music played on an instrument in need of tuning. Mr. Wilenski's two introductions contain a mass of information, some of which is relevant. Professor Bodkin hit on the happy idea of devoting his introduction to a survey of the artist's circumstances in Flanders in the fifteenth century, which throws more light on the pictures than Dr. Borenius's valiant attempt at a history of two centuries of Sienese painting in a few thousand words. These short introductions should aim at providing no more than an outline of the historical circumstances in which certain forms and colours were possible, and others impossible.

The quality of the reproductions in the two Bruegel volumes published by *Les Editions du Chêne* varies from plate to plate. By some strange coincidence, all the "Velvet" Bruegels which have found their way into the Louvre, betray a different hand from those now in Germany and Belgium. The "Master of the Louvre Bruegels" employs a different range of colours, and seems always to have painted in a state of advanced intoxication. A similar drunken hand can be detected in the detail of the "Hay Harvest" by the Elder Bruegel (Plate V). However, the standard of colour blocks on the Continent is generally higher than in England, and the Picasso volume published by Braun can be recommended as a shadowy reminder of the original pictures, provided that the reader is prepared to make the necessary allowances for loss of fierceness. Anyone who has to write about Picasso deserves sympathy. Jaime Sabartés who undertook the thankless task of the introduction does his best to throw new light on the problem from the angle of Spain, but critics would be well advised to let the sandstorm settle, before attempting to make an inventory of the damage wrought by this prodigious vandal.

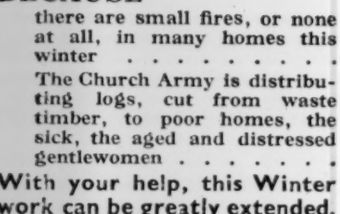
BENEDICT NICOLSON

BLIND HOKUM AND HOKUM ABSOLUTE

We Who Teach. By JACQUES BARZUN. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Barzun has written a very stimulating book about the educational scene in America. His teaching experience has been varied, and he has thought hard and profitably about the system which has produced the undergraduate population with which he deals. The book would have been more useful if he had remembered that economy which is the half of art. He often "protests too much," and lets his illustrations and wide reading run away with him, so that appreciation for his wit sidetracks the following of his argument. Such varied company as Rousseau, Tartuffe, Professor Moriarty, Walt Whitman, "Life," Byron, and Aldous Huxley jostle one another in his pages. But he is a genial companion, and perhaps had his own book in mind when he alleged that "the practised reader skips more than he reads." This art is not easily exercised here, for he has much to say which is pertinent to English education, and his advice that "all serious reading should be done pencil in hand" is readily followed.

Some of the problems belong to America rather than England. The undergraduate who explained that she took "Social Mal" at college as an alternative to History would be a rare bird over here. When defined "Social Mal" was found to mean the causes of maladjustment—"inhibitions, divorce, and all that sort of thing." He shows that history is not popular with a generation impatient of scholarly discipline and



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preferring a subject which yields up its mystery in convenient packages ready to serve. History does not offer "brisk formulas for human behaviour nor pat answers to social problems." He shows how the historical sense teaches what is possible, and how it can become a bulwark against the two extremes to which young people are susceptible—seeking after perfection or capitulating to cynicism. He is rightly suspicious of subjects which fail to furnish the mind with enough principles to justify the effort, and summarises social science, sociology, psychology, anthropology and economics under the heading of "one single and quite unnecessary subject, namely: tautology."

This is hard hitting, and he scores several knock-out blows. He illustrates contemporary confusion by ridiculing the use of the phrase "power politics," as if politics could be about anything else except power. He acknowledges that "determined thinkers are few," and admits that "one is lucky to meet six or seven people who know how to attend; the rest have fidgety ears; their span of attention is as short as the mating of a fly." He has some pungent remarks about the Impersonal Voice in which knowledge is put forth in text-books, and pleads for dramatic presentation. "The truth drones on, with the muffled sound of one who is indeed speaking from a well." He shows how rarely the two qualities of eloquence and personality, which alone make a lecture worth while, characterise the incoherent mumblings of many dons. For this country, which is committed by legislation to extending the area of education before it has provided the means of ensuring the maintenance of its quality, he has some warning words about teachers. They remain the root of the matter. The ability to live co-operatively in a society proceeds "not from a course, but from a teacher; not from a curriculum, but from a human soul." Recruits to the vocation of teaching would be well advised to read his penetrating analysis of the symptoms which they should show, if they are to avoid the hell which is the life of the unsuccessful teacher.

The Professor is perhaps most refreshing when he hits out at hokum, a happily invented word which is a useful addition to the vocabulary. He means by it "the counterfeit of true intellectual currency." The persevering copycats, who too often pour from the schools, conceal the thin but clear stream of thought behind a Niagara of words. This parroting of opinion is often tolerated even in universities. Education concentrates too little on the meaning and precision of words in reading and in writing, and the products of universal education are still left the victims of inflated nonsense. If the distracted world is ever to be made safe for democracy, as a beginning it must be guarded against illiteracy. Politicians are particularly skilled pedlars of hokum. Hokum rears its ugly head in books, newspapers, cinemas and advertisements. One American publisher thought so poorly of the understanding of his customers that he advertised his wares as containing the pronunciation of "all difficult—'hard-to-say'—words." A contemporary described his bathtubs as "porcelain splendours." Students on both sides of the Atlantic can still complain with Caliban, "You taught me language, and my profit on't, is I know how to curse."

JOHN GARRETT

The Campaign in Burma. By FRANK OWEN. *Stationery Office.* 2s.

The Burma Campaign can not only be easily followed in this book, it can be assessed and understood. Mr. Frank Owen, with admirable objectivity, has drawn up a document of historical interest. Though it has been naturally designed to appeal in the first place to the men who fought there, and for this reason sometimes reads rather like an Army List, it does nevertheless show the whole picture, and we are let into the inner conclaves of military strategy, so that we can watch the main plan develop, concentrate and roll magnificently onward to final victory. The awful confusion of seemingly meaningless bloody little actions is not experienced, as so often happened in the field; and not only the book must be thanked for this, but also the new technique of the Supreme Commander Mountbatten, who insisted, and himself saw, that the men of all units did have some glimmer of the general plan; did feel that they were all essential parts in an intelligible scheme.

The factual approach, undramatic, in actual fact infinitely more dramatic in effect, makes us understand how average Europeans, Indians and Africans came to survive and fight in an environment of primeval savagery, mixed with the accoutrements of the more diabolical side of modern invention.

This mixed employment of the two extremes of war technique, from bow and arrow to tank and air-drop, from unthinking, fantastic Japanese bravery to brilliant, imaginative Allied strategy, would have been the ideal place for General Fuller to have jotted down notes for his latest work, for here are demonstrated not only the physical, but also the mental needs of soldiers down the murky ages. One feels an ethical inability to condemn or admire fully either side: war breeds moral, as well as material, chaos.

A Preface to Logic. By MORRIS R. COHEN. *Routledge.* 8s. 6d.

For the last two generations logic and science have increasingly gone beyond the general reader's range. The expert lives in a world of his own and the non-expert continues either to live on commonplaces or in ignorance. Professor Cohen's admirable book may perhaps enable the general reader, provided he has enough patience to think it through, to get a glimpse of the most recent trends of logical inquiry and its relevance to our daily tasks.

Professor Cohen's criticism of statistical methods as applied in the social sciences is superb; his exposition of the limitations and fallacies of value-judgments is as lucid as it is convincing. There is perhaps no other book available which shows so clearly the importance and relevance of general logical reflection. "Logic," writes Professor Cohen, ". . . does not provide the food which sustains our intellectual life. That must come from our factual knowledge and insight. Logic may also be denied the characterisation of being the motive power which sets inquiry going. It is, however, like the hydrochloric acid in our stomach that helps to digest our food. It is the antiseptic of our intellectual life which prevents our food from poisoning us. For the impressions we take into our minds will confuse us unless we order them according to some logical principle."

Logic, as taught by Professor Cohen, may help us to practise tolerance, which is the avoidance of fanaticism. "In this sense logic is a necessary element of any liberal civilisation." This admirable book should be read by students and teachers alike—in every field.

Week-end Competitions

No. 886

Set by "Tommy"

The usual prizes are offered for an imitation of the daily extract "From *The Times* of 1847" in the light of current events. Limited to 150 words, including footnote (if any). Entries by February 18.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 883

Set by Sebastian

Meredith writes of the coquette in the following words: "Nature had disposed her to coquetry, which is a pastime counting among the arts of fence, and often innocent, often serviceable, though sometimes dangerous, in the centres of polished barbarism known as aristocratic societies, where nature is not absent, but on the contrary very

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extravagant, tropical, by reason of her idle hours for the imbibing of copious draughts of sunlight." Competitors are invited to approach the study of other feminine types in Meredith's manner. Length 200 words.

Report by Sebastian

At first sight my task seemed easy, for many competitors made the convenient assumption that Meredith was an eighteenth-century writer who turned out generic portraits like balance-sheets or epitaphs. But when I got to the real Meredithians who knew how to cavort among images and inversions and to ride the English language like a circus horse, I saw judgment was going to be difficult. The aggressive and masterful woman, followed close by the blue stocking got the worst of it. William Bliss disposed accurately of the prude; Roland Bibby led the attack on the gossip. But there was no need to attack, as F.C.C. showed in her amusing portrait of a lady on a tricycle who kept chickens. Wit, the bizarre or entangled image, the flash of bumptiousness and a romantic, tally-ho-ing virility were required; plus a mild muddle half-way through the paragraph. Those who came nearest to this were Leslie Johnson, L. E. J., Allan M. Laing, Stella Keirstead, Peter Alexander, H. A. C. Evans and E. M. Sylvanus. I recommend prizes of 30s. apiece to the first three; and 15s. each to Stella Keirstead and Peter Alexander.

THE BLUESTOCKING

Scant sympathy indeed does your literatrix expect or receive, making the worst of both worlds. Not less resolutely and expeditiously is she expelled and barred from the society of her normally placid sisters, provoked to assiduous bustle for the nonce, than from the farmyard the unfamiliarly plumed gallinaceous intruder. Squawkings ordinarily there are not, but full surely will the feathers fly shall she not have accepted at once the judgment of those of her sex who have glimpsed but a flash of her cerulean hosiery.

And we of the less instinctive, less emotional, less illogical sex, what are our exquisite reasons for our more judicial attitude? Is it that, taking all learning for our province, we see that province invaded, and unite to expel the presumptuous Amazons? Or is ours after all but the reciprocal, involuntary repulsion of pith balls of like polarity?

To her that hath shall be given. In the beautiful, or even the merely comely, we allow smatterings to surprise without offending: but let there be a suspicion of erudition in the plain, and the bristles are up. For all the marching of the unfavoured on the highroad of knowledge, vacuous pulchritude will ride the higher horse. LESLIE JOHNSON

THE CHARWOMAN

Of the category of draggletails, she. The questing eye travels upward from wrinkled stockings, down-at-heel, slashed slippers, eloquent of the vulgarly obtrusive bunion, to shabby, shapeless garments, dirt-coloured, secured equatorially over abundance of unimaginable petticoats. The hands, of the earth earthy, and sodden with the imperfectly desiccated residue of floor-washings, convulsively clutch a bag, satchel or species of hold-all, distended with product of successful cringing. What of the face? Charity averts kindly eye from thin lips prisoning ivory decayed, of negligible quantity and irregular distribution, rests a saddening moment on bulbous nose, open-pored, flabby, permanently damp, on fishlike eyes pricked for easy lachrimation, and finally settles with smiles on small, sequin-studded velvet bonnet, string-tied, perched on bird's-nest hair. "Honest labour bears a lovely face," saith the poet. Then must grave suspicions arise of Mrs. B.'s integrity in the performance of those tasks advertised with such unsavoury insistence on her ragbag person.

ALLAN M. LAING

THE CHARLADY AT PATTERNE HALL

Mrs. Huggins, feather-duster skyward, seeking Arachne, or pursuing such motes and particles of Mother Earth as, interpenetrating matter one might incline to conjecture knowing Mrs. Montague's hawk-eye for the speck, lurked prey for dustpan, invaded the Library, conqueror-wise, and went down to carpet, not un-mechanically, her peripheral senses but lightly tickled by the motions of a too familiar task, while the nerve-centre of her being, as with all her kind, turned inward to the spiritually absorbing, but on the molecular plane just the reverse, subcutaneous flux in that region which, proverbially denied to a royal lady of Spain, is a tea-cup topic to be tossed to and fro, with head-shakings for the lethal, by her humbler sisters of the slop-pail.

"One sees she has a leg," said Mrs. Mountstuart.

L. E. J.

If the inquisitive Asmodeus had confined his activities to the public rooms of the Manor he would have had no alternative but to accept our young lady at her face value as refined, sensitive, modest and unassertive, befitting her aristocratic station. But, luckily for us, Asmodeus, by penetrating to her elegantly appointed chamber, set aside by the Earl in his anxiety at her inability to achieve, by her own efforts, all that she should have, sought also to penetrate closer than was humanly possible to her innermost heart. Here the astonished Asmodeus beheld a fine frenzy of planning and heard, in the conversations our young lady had with the sympathetic reflection in her mirror, a perfect marvel of virtuosity in pointing every ingenuous action to a subtle purpose so that, for instance, *here*, wrath was to be turned away by a soft answer and, *here*, a father or a lover was to be conciliated and stripped of some further treasure or promise not, mind, by force or by persuasion but by a most becoming semblance of not desiring it or of believing that anything dear father said or clever Eustace thought must be, of course, for the best.

PETER ALEXANDER

THE AGGRESSIVE TYPE

She is not of those creatures that the perceptive eye will detect at the rear of our latterday file; the living Alexandrine, the human syllables of which drag themselves wearily, imperceptibly almost, but none the less continually along, forward towards the guerdon; to her the forefront, the van, only to fall to the lot of those, who, like herself, can be strong by a denial of the self-chosen weaknesses of her sex; the yieldings, and the pliabilities; the half-smiling self-deprecations in the face of aggression; the kissings of the rod. Womanish, she triumphs over women; smiting this with an umbrella, that one with an occular dart; another receives a gentle bastinado from her elbow. Who could resist, and who would wish to contest the advance of that authority which is begotten by greed and born of singleminded concentration on the needs of the individual I. Observe the finale, the making port to which she has pressed with all sails set; her contingent competitors cut to the heart by it. Medusa among midgets, she puts into the counter, and the weakling behind the board rendered a lapillis, as was from the first anticipated by her, she squeezes from him the blood, the oranges, the nylons or the dripping.

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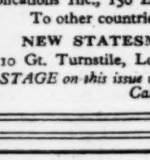

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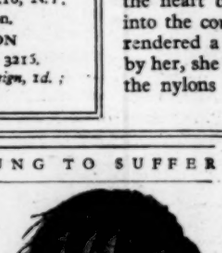

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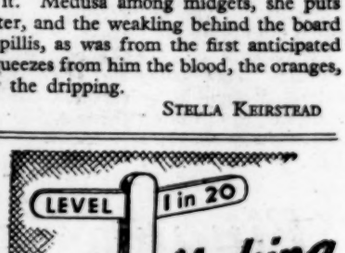

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Appointments Vacant

BBC invites applics. from men, British, for News Analyst to prepare and broadcast regular news analyses in Overseas Service. Candidates should have a wide general knowledge, especially of international affairs, and journalistic experience though not essential would be an advantage. Applicants must be able to analyse the news of the day rapidly and concisely drawing attention to relevant factors not necessarily mentioned in the news, and will be reqd. to pass a test as to their broadcasting ability. Starting salary £1,000 p.a., rising to £1,360 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "News Analyst," within 7 days. For acknowledgement encl. stamped add. env.

UNIV. of Liverpool. The Council of the University invites applics. for Chaddock Chair of Economics, at salary of £1,450 p.a., together with superann. within the Federated Superann. System for Universities. Appointment will date from October 1, 1947, or from such later date as may be arranged. Further partics. from Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, by whom applics. (12 copies) should be received by March 15.

CIVIL Service Commission. Vacancy for Librarian at Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Salary £475×£20—£575. Post is permanent with pensionability under Superann. Acts. Every assistance will be given in finding accomm. Candidates must be men of British nationality, under 50 on Feb. 1, 1947, and must be Associates or Fellows of the Library Assoc., or possess an equiv. qualific. Successful candidate will be responsible for library organization of all libraries at the Academy and for the R.M.A. Museum. Partics. and form of applic. from Sec., Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 1792. Forms must be returned by Feb. 19.

PRISON Commission. Applics. invited for post of Housemaster in H.M. Borstal Institutions for Boys and certain of H.M. prisons. Candidates, who should be physically fit, must have attained age of 21 on Jan. 1, 1947, and been born on or after Aug. 2, 1905. It is essential that candidates should have had personal exp. in dealing with men or boys, and be filled with a genuine interest for difficult reformative work. Should be men of sound general education, able to fill a position of considerable responsibility. Commencing salary of a Housemaster is £360 p.a., rising by annual increments of £18 to £450 p.a., together with a consolidation addition of £78 p.a. at minimum, with free quarters or an allowance in lieu and medical attendance and medicines. There are four vacancies to be filled by the present competition and forms of applic. and regulations governing these appointments may be obtained from Prison Commissioners (Estab. Branch), Horseferry House, Thorney St., Westminster, S.W.1. Completed applic. forms should be returned by Feb. 21.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (Univ. of London). Applics. invited for Assistant Lectureship in English, salary £400 p.a., rising to £500. The Asst. Lecturer will be reqd. to undertake the teaching of foreign students offering English for the degrees of B.Com. and B.Sc.(Econ.), and to take up the appointment by April 30, 1947. Exp. in teaching English to foreigners is essential. Candidates, who should be hons. graduates of a British univ., should have received training in phonetics, and some residence abroad will be considered an advantage. Applics. should be reed. by Feb. 15, by Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further information may be obtained.

EDINBURGH College of Art. Applics. invited for appointments of: (a) Senior Assistant in School of Design, salary scale £600-£750; (b) Assistants in School of Drawing and Painting, salary scale £450-£600. Successful applicants will receive placing within the scales according to qualifics. and exp., but comm. salaries will not exceed in (a) £700, and (b) £555 p.a. Full partics. and forms of applic. from Registrar and Secretary, with whom applications should be lodged by Feb. 22.

RHODES-Livingstone Institute has vacancies for research workers and social anthropologists, economists, and other social scientists in British Central Africa. Applics., with testimonials should be sent to: Director, Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia. For details of terms offered please refer to Journal *Africa*.

L.C.C. Reqd. at Avery Hill Training College for Women Teachers, Eltham, S.E.9 (accomm. about 300 students), Woman Domestic Bursar who will be responsible to Principal for domestic organisation of College and Hostels, incl. catering and supervision of domestic staff. Admission to Council's Superann. and Provident Fund subject to satisfactory probationary service and med. exam. Salary, incl. cost-of-living addition, £286-£15-£361 p.a., with emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Other things being equal, pref. given to reqd. disabled persons. Applic. forms from Educ. Officer (S.S.6/29), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by Feb. 21. (78.)

LONDON Univ.: Goldsmiths' College. Applics. invited for appointment as Senior Lecturer in Mathematics in the Training Department, to begin Summer Term, 1947. High academic qualifics. and good teaching exp. reqd. Partics. from Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E.14, to whom completed applics. should be sent by February 15.

INTERNATL. Student Service. The British Cttee. reqs. a General Secretary as fr. April 1, or as soon after as poss. Univ. degr., admin. exp., internat. interests essen. Comm. salary from £750 p.a., according to qualifics. Apply, with testimonials/refs., to Gen. Secy., I.S.S., 59 Gloucester Pl., London, W.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

HEREFORDSHIRE County Council. Applics. are invited for post of Domiciliary Instructress for Problem Families. Candidates must hold Certificate of Mental Health Course of London School of Economics. Sal. £275×£12½—£350, plus bonus and car allowance. Applics. to County Medical Officer, 35 Bridge St., Hereford.

UNIV. College of S. Wales and Monmouthshire. Coleg Prifathrofaol Deheudir Cymru a Mynwy. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer or Asst. Lecturer in Dept. of Education, with special qualifics. in History and, if possible, in Geography, and with Teacher's Diploma and Teaching exp. College Authorities would be prepared to consider appointment to full Lectureship in case of a candidate who also possesses Research Degree in Education or is able to present other evidence of having made important contributions to development of Education. Further partics. may be obtained from Louis S. Thomas, Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, by whom six copies of applic. and testimonials should be received by February 17, 1947.

BOROUGH of Cambridge. Committee for Education. Further Education and Service of Youth. Applics. are invited from men and women with suitable qualifics. and exp. for: Assist. Leader (Man), Coleridge Youth Centre and Evening Institute; sal. scale, £186×£12—£250 (plus bonus of £52 p.a.). Asst. Leader (Woman), Chesterton Youth Centre and Evening Institute; sal. scale, £174×£9—£250 (plus bonus of £42 p.a.). Sal. scales are under review. Further partics. and applic. forms, to be returned as soon as possible, forwarded on receipt of stamped, addressed foolscap envelope, T. F. Foreman, Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, The Guildhall, Cambridge.

CLUB Leader (woman) reqd. at U.G.S. Settlement by April for well-estab. Mixed Clubs, membership 120. Training and/or exp. essential. Salary £150 p.a. with residence and full board. Apply: Warden, U.G.S. Settlement, Staffordshire St. S.E.15.

KENT Education Committee. School Meals Service. The Committee invite applics. from trained and exp. women for appointments on following sal. scales:—Area Supervisors: £360 p.a.×£15 to £405; Cook Housekeepers and Cook Supervisors, Grade I: £172 p.a.×£12 to £240; Grade II: £252 p.a.×£12 to £288; Grade III: £304 p.a.×£12 to £340; Assistant Cook Housekeepers and Assistant Cook Supervisors, Grade I: £172 p.a.×£12 to £240. There are following vacancies: Area Supervisors, various areas of the County; Cook Housekeepers at Tonbridge and Maidstone; Assist. Cook Housekeeper at Gravesend; Cook Supervisors at Ashford, Sheerness, Teynham near Sittingbourne, Faversham, Cudham nr. Orpington, St. Mary Cray and Sturry; Assist. Cook Supervisors at Faversham, Deal and Malling. Posts are pensionable. Medical exam. Posts for Area Supervisors carry temp. cost of living bonus of approx. £48 p.a. Other posts carry temp. cost of living bonus of approx. £35 p.a. as mid-day meals and light refreshments are provided during term-time. Temp. cost of living bonus is less in case of women under 21. Partics. and applic. forms: County Educ. Officer, Springfield, Maidstone.

THE Caldecott Community. Wanted in July: (1) young domestic bursar, not under twenty-five years of age, to be responsible for general supervision of household and dining-room work. No catering or cooking. Recog. salary. Interesting post for intelligent, adaptable young woman. (2) Young trained assistant cook. Sal. £130 resident. Please apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Hyde Heath, Wareham, Dorset. The Community moves back to Kent in summer, 1947.

FABIAN Society. Applics. invited for post of full-time General Secretary to Society at salary of from £500 to £700 p.a., according to qualifics. Candidates should be Socialists and have exp. of British Labour movement, admin. capacity and knowledge of research methods. Educ. qualifics. and exp. will be taken into account. Applic. forms from General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St. S.W.1, to be returned to him by March 7.

FABIAN Society. Applics. invited for post of Asst. Secretary in the Home Research Dept. Exp. of publication and printing might be an adv., but general educ. qualifics. and research exp. are more important. Salary, £260 p.a. Applic. forms from Gen. Sec., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1, to be returned by Feb. 28.

APPLICS. invited from women candidates of good education for post of Senior Clerk in Registrar's Dept. Sal. £260 p.a., rising to £320, together with superann. benefits. Interesting work. Five weeks' annual holiday, and no Sat. duty. Applics., with partics. of age, educ. and exp., should be sent to Secy., London School of Economics., Houghton St., W.C.2.

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ASSOCN. for Jewish Youth invites applics. for foll. posts: Asst. General Secretary & Sports Director (Male), knowledge of Youth Club work, sports organisation and camping, essential. Sal. Scale £300-£550; Asst. General Secretary (Female), knowledge of Youth Club work essential. Sal. scale £300-£450. Commencing salary in both instances will depend upon qualifics. Applics., with full details, to: General Secy., Association for Jewish Youth, A.J.Y. House, Leman St. E.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

L.C.C.—Major Establishment. An open competitive examination for appointments to first class (b) of the major establishment commences May 12, 1947. Standard slightly higher than intermediate examination for first degree of London Univ. Candidates must be 17½ and under 18½ on August 1, 1947. Appointments reserved for successful candidates called for military service before taking up duties. Promotion to higher administrative positions in Council's service is on merit. Applic. forms (O.C.1) (to be retd., with fee of £1, by March 24, 1947), obtainable with full partics. from Acting Clerk of Council, County Hall, S.E.1. (Send stamped add. foolscap env.) (81)

MUSIC Adviser reqd. on Natl. Staff Y.W.C.A. (age pref. 30-45) to advise Clubs throughout Gt. Britain. Musical degree and exp. in taking informal work with youth and adult groups essential. Will be reqd. to conduct Leaders' Training Courses and organise and adjudicate at festivals. Interest in drama an asset. Salary from £350 basic (plus £25 bonus), rising to £400. Apply by letter only to: Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A., Natl. Offices, Great Russell St., W.C.1.

THE Council of Manchester and Salford Jews invite applics. for post of Youth and Welfare Officer. Sal. £500 p.a. Chief qualifics. are personality, enthusiasm, and drive, with some exp. of Youth Club organisation. Write, giving full details, to: Secretary, Council of Manchester & Salford Jews, 11 Albert Sq. Manchester, 2

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Fellowships and Studentships

THE Trustees of Houblon-Norman Fund invite applics. for Fellowships/Grants in aid of research into working of financial and business institutions in Great Britain and elsewhere and economic conditions affecting them. Apart from exceptional cases, awards will be confined to British-born subjects normally resident in United Kingdom and will take effect from October 1, 1947. Fellowships will be awarded for one year, renewable for a second year; and amount of all awards will depend upon the circumstances of candidate and likely expenses of his work. Applics. should be made by March 31 and forms of applic. may be obtained from Sec. of Fund (H. C. B. Mynors), c/o Bank of England, E.C.2.

UNIV. of London, Postgraduate Studentships. Applics. invited from Graduates of Univ. of London for: (a) 60 Postgraduate Studentships in any Faculty, each of value of £250 and tenable for one year. (b) George William Britt (Senior) Studentship in Modern Languages, of value of £100 and tenable for one year. (c) A number of Postgraduate Travelling Studentships, tenable for one year. Value of Studentships will be fixed in each case. For Studentships under (a) and (b) Graduates must be of not more than three years' standing; for Studentships under (c) Graduates must be under age of 28. Applics. for all above Studentships must be recd. by April 1, 1947. Forms and further partics. from Academic Registrar, Senate House, W.C.1.

Personal

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